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DIALOGUES

OF THE

DEAD.

THE SECOND EDITION.

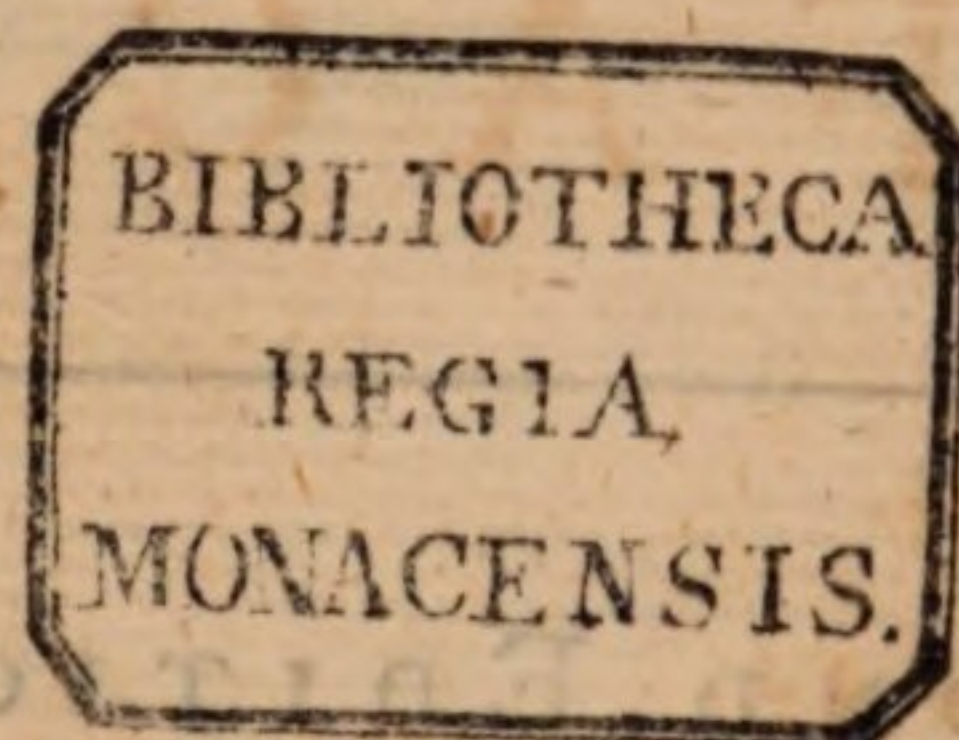
(By G. Lyttelton)



LONDON:

Printed for W. SANDBY, in Fleet-street.

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P R E F A C E.

LUCIAN among the Ancients, and among the Moderns Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, and Monsieur Fontenelle, have written Dialogues of the Dead with Applause. But in our Language nothing of that kind has been published worthy of Notice: for the very ingenious and learned Dialogues written by Mr. Hurde are all supposed to have past between living Persons.

The Plan I have followed takes in a much greater Compass: it brings before us the History of all Times and all Nations, presents to the Choice of the Writer all Characters of remarkable Persons, which may best be opposed to or compared with each other; and is, perhaps, one of the most agreeable Methods, that can be employed, of conveying to the Mind any Critical, Moral, or Political Observations; because the Dramatic Spirit, which may be thrown into them, gives them more Life, than they could have in Dissertations, however well written. And sometimes a new Dress may make an old Truth more pleasing to those, whom the mere Love of Novelty betrays into Error, as it frequently does not only the Wits but the Sages of these days. If the Author of these Dialogues has in any degree accomplished his Purpose, this little Work
will

P R E F A C E.

v

will be of some Use. If he has failed, he may at least induce abler Pens to execute better what he has attempted.

It will be proper to observe to the Reader, that in the above-mentioned Authors the Dead are supposed to know what has past, in subsequent times, and other Nations, as well as their own: without which Supposition no Conversations between Persons who lived in different Ages and different Countries could be well carried on. Thus, in Fenelon's Dialogue between Plato and Aristotle, the former speaks as having read the works of the latter, which were not composed till after his Death. In another by the same Author Gelon finds fault with the conduct of Dion: and in that between Solon and Justinian the Athenian censures the Government of the Roman Legislator, and talks of the History of Procopius,

Procopius, as if he had read it. More Instances might be given; but these are sufficient. Elysium, Minos, Mercury, Charon, and Styx, are also necessary Allegories in this way of Writing. If they should offend any pious or critical Ears, I shall defend myself by the solemn Declaration, which is always annexed, by the Italian Writers, to Works, where they are obliged to use such Expressions:
“ Se havessi nominato Fato, Fortuna,
“ Destino, Elysio, Stige, &c. sono
“ Scherzi di penna poetica, non Sen-
*“ timenti di animo Catolico.” **

I have likewise taken the Liberty, that Others have used, to give my Dialogues different Dates, as suited best with the Purpose to which they

* If I have named Fate, Fortune, Destiny, Elysium, Styx, &c. they are only the Sports of a poetical Pen, not the Sentiments of a Catholic Mind.

were written, supposing some of them to have past in this present Year, and others immediately after the death of one of the Speakers there introduced.

The three last Dialogues are written by a different Hand; as I am afraid would have appeared but too plainly to the Reader without my having told it. If the Friend who favoured me with them should write any more, I shall think the Public owes me a great Obligation, for having excited a Genius so capable of uniting Delight with Instruction, and giving to Knowledge and Virtue those Graces, which the Wit of the Age has too often employed all its skill to bestow upon Folly and Vice.

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DIALOGUES



DIALOGUES

OF THE

DEAD.

DIALOGUE I.

Lord FALKLAND — Mr. HAMPDEN.

Lord FALKLAND.



ARE not you surprized to see
me in Elyfium, Mr. Hampden?

Mr. HAMPDEN.

I was going to put the same
Question to you; for, doubtless, your Lord-
ship thought me a Rebel.

B

Lord

D I A L O G U E S

Lord FALKLAND.

And certainly you thought me an Apostate from the Commonwealth, and a supporter of Tyranny. Did not you see me in that odious light?

Mr. HAMPDEN.

I own that I did, and I don't wonder at the severity of your thoughts about me. The Heat of the times deprived us both of our natural Candour. Yet, I will frankly confess to you here, that, before I died, I began to see in our Party enough to justify your Apprehensions, that the Civil War, which we had entered into from generous Motives, from a desire to preserve our free Constitution, would end very unhappily, and perhaps, in the Issue, destroy that Constitution, even by the Arms of those who pretended to be most zealous for it.

Lord FALKLAND.

And I will as frankly confess to you, that I saw, in the Court and Camp of the King, so much to alarm me for the Liberty of my Country, if our Arms were successful, that I dreaded a Victory little less than I did a Defeat, and had nothing in my Mouth but
the

the Word Peace, which I repeated with passionate fondness, in every Council at which I assisted.

Mr. HAMPDEN.

I wished for Peace too, as much as your Lordship. But I saw no Hopes of it. The Insincerity of the King and the Influence of the Queen made it impossible to trust to his Promises or Declarations. Nay, what reliance could we reasonably have upon *Laws* designed to restrain the power of the Crown, except they were such as put that power into our own hands, after he had violated *the Bill of Rights*, obtained with such difficulty, and containing so clear an assertion of the Privileges which had been in dispute? If his Conscience would allow him to break an Act of Parliament *made to determine the bounds of the Royal Prerogative*, because he thought *that the Royal Prerogative could have no bounds*, what legal Ties could bind such a Conscience? or what Security could his People find against the Malignity of such an Opinion, except taking from him *the power of the sword*, and enabling themselves to defend the Laws he had past?

D I A L O G U E S

Lord FALKLAND.

There is truth, too much truth, in what you have said — I cannot deny it. But by taking from the King *the power of the sword*, you in reality took *all power*. It was converting the Government into a *Democracy*; and if he had submitted to it he would only have had the name of a King. The sceptre would have been held by those who had the sword; or we must have lived in a state of perpetual Anarchy, without any ballance or force in the Government; a state which could not have lasted long, but would have ended in a Republic or Absolute Power.

Mr. HAMPDEN.

Your Reasoning seems unanswerable. But what could we do? Let Dr. Laud and those other Divines, who led the King's Conscience, and fixed such Principles in it as made him unfit to govern his kingdom, though with many good Qualities, and some great ones; let them, I say, answer for the Mischiefs they brought upon him and the Nation.

Lord

Lord FALKLAND.

They were indeed much to blame: but those Principles had gained ground before their times, and seemed the Principles of our Church, in opposition to the Jesuits, who had gone too far in the other Extream.

Mr. HAMPDEN.

It is a Disgrace to our Church to have taken up such Opinions; and I will venture to prophesy, that in future times our Clergy must renounce them, or they will be turned against them by those who mean their Destruction. Suppose a *Popish King* on the Throne. Will the Clergy adhere to Passive Obedience and Non-resistance? If they do, they deliver up their Religion to Rome; if they do not, their Practice will confute their own Doctrines.

Lord FALKLAND.

Nature, Sir, will in time be sure to set right whatever Opinion contradicts her great Laws, let who will be the Teacher. But, indeed, the more I reflect on those miserable times in which we both lived, the more I think it a favour of Providence to us,

that we were cut off so soon, and delivered by Death from the Evils that necessarily were coming upon us. *The most grievous Misfortune to a virtuous Man is to be in such a state, that he can hardly so act as to approve his own conduct.* In such a state we both were. We could scarce make a step, either forward or backward, without hazard of Guilt, or at least of Dishonour. We were entangled in Connections with Men who did not mean so well as ourselves, or did not judge so rightly. If we offered to stop them, they thought us too cold or false to the Cause: if we went on with them, we run upon Rocks, which we saw very clearly, but could not avoid. Nor yet could we seek a quiet Retreat. The Times and our Characters would not allow it. Inaction would in us have been Cowardice and Desertion. To compleat the public Calamities, a religious Fury mixed itself, on both sides, with the Rage of our civil Dissentions, more frantic than *that*, more implacable, more averse to all healing measures. The most intemperate counsels were thought the most *pious*, and a Regard to the Laws, if they opposed the suggestions of these fiery Zealots, was deemed *Irreligion*. This added new difficulties to
what

OF THE DEAD.

what was before but too difficult in itself, the settling of a Nation, which no longer could put any confidence in the King, nor lay more restraints on the Royal Authority, without destroying the ballance of the whole Constitution. In this situation, the Balls that pierced our hearts were directed thither by the hands of our Guardian Angels themselves, to save us from Horrors we could not support, and perhaps from a Guilt our natures abhorred.

Mr. HAMPDEN.

I think they were: and, if I were again to return into life, the Experience I have had would make me very cautious, how I kindled the sparks of Civil War in my Country: for I have seen, that, when once that Fire is lighted, no man can tell how far it will spread. It is not in the power of the Head of a Party to say to the Conflagration, *Thus far shalt thou go, and here shalt thou stop.*

Lord FALKLAND.

The Conversation we have now had, as well as the Reflexions of my own mind, would, if I were condemned to my Body again, produce another effect upon me.

They would teach me great Moderation and Candour in my judgments of Men who might differ from me in difficult scenes of public Action: they would entirely cure me of the *spirit of party*: and they would make me think, that, as in the Church, so also in the State, no Evil is more to be feared than an enthusiastic and rancorous Zeal.



EUGENIUS

They



DIALOGUE II.

LOUIS LE GRAND — PETER THE GREAT.

LOUIS.

WHO could have thought that, when you were learning the Trade of a shipwright in the Dockyards of Holland, you would become my Rival in Fame, and acquire like me the surname of *Great*.

PETER.

Which of us deserved that Title best, Posterity will decide. But my Greatness appeared in that very Act which seemed to you a Debasement.

LOUIS.

The Dignity of a King does not easily stoop to such mean Employments. For my own part, I never cared to appear to the
Eyes

Eyes of my Subjects or Foreigners, but in all the Splendour and Majesty of Royal Power.

P E T E R.

Had I remained on the Throne of Russia, as my Ancestors did, environed with all the Pomp of barbarous Greatness, I should have been idolized by my People, as much, at least, as you were by the French. My Despotism was more absolute, their servitude was more humble. But then I could not have reformed their ill Customs; I could not have taught them Arts, Learning, Navigation, and War; I could not have turned them from Brutes into Men. In this the Force of my Genius appeared, beyond any Comparison with all other Kings, that I could think it no Degradation, or Diminution of my Greatness, to descend from my Throne, and go and work in the Docks of a foreign Republic; to serve as a private sailor in my own Fleets, and as a common soldier in my own Army; till I had raised myself by my Merit in the several steps and degrees of Promotion, to the highest Command, and given my subjects a Lesson of the Necessity of a regular Subordination, in the Sea and Land-service,

by

by my own Practice, more convincing to them than any Instructions.

L O U I S.

I am forced to confess, that it was a great Act, and that, when I thought it a mean one, my Censure arose from the Ridicule thrown upon it by some of my Courtiers, whose minds were too narrow to comprehend or discern the Greatness of your's in that situation.

P E T E R.

It was an Act of more Heroism than any ever done by Alexander or Cæsar. Nor would I exchange my Glory with their's. They both did great Things; but they were at the head of great Nations, far superior in valour and military skill to those with whom they contended. I was the King of a barbarous People, undisciplined, ignorant, hard to instruct. My Enemies were at first so superior to my subjects, that ten thousand of them could beat a hundred thousand Russians. They had powerful Fleets: I had not a ship. The King of Sweden was a Prince of the most intrepid Courage, assisted by Generals of the most consummate Knowledge in War, and served by soldiers
so

D I A L O G U E S

so disciplined, that they were the Admiration and Terror of Europe. Yet in the End I vanquished these soldiers; I drove that Prince to take refuge in Turkey; I won battles at sea, as well as at Land; I *new-created* my People; I gave them Arts, Science, Policy; I made them the most respected of Nations; I enabled them to keep all the Powers of the North in Awe and Dependence, to give Kings to Poland, to check and intimidate the Ottoman Emperors, to mix with great Weight in the Affairs of all Europe. What other Man has ever done such Wonders as These? Read all the Records of ancient and modern times, and find, if you can, one fit to be put in comparison with me!

L O U I S.

Your Glory would indeed have been supreme and unequalled; if, in civilizing your subjects, you had reformed the Brutality of your own Manners, and the barbarous Vices of your own Nature. But, alas! the Legislator and Reformer of Russia was drunken and cruel.

P E T E R.

My Drunkenness I confess: nor will I plead, to excuse it, the Example of Alexander.

der. It was a stain on his character as well as mine, and it inflamed the tempers of both, which were by Nature too fiery, into extravagant passions of Anger, and Acts, of which our Reason, when sober, was ashamed. But for my Cruelty I have some Excuse. Fear of Punishment was in the hearts of my barbarous Subjects the only Principle of Obedience. They could not be governed with a mild curb and gentle hand. To make them respect the Royal Authority, it was necessary to arm it with Thunder and Lightning, and all the Terrors of Rage. You had a pliant People to govern, a People, whose polished and delicate minds could be ruled, like a fine managed Horse, with an easy and gentle Rein. Your Praise was a spur sufficient to excite them to obey your commands, and run the Race of Glory with all their strength. The fear of shame did more with them than the Fear of the *Knout* could do with the Russians. Your Government might be therefore less rigid than mine; and the Ferocity of my Nature was in some degree necessary to the great Work I had to perform. But what Excuse can you find for the Cruelties which you exercised on your *Protestant* subjects? They had been ever obedient and affectionate to you.

They

They desired nothing but to live under the protection of Laws you yourself had confirmed ; and they repaid that Protection by the most hearty Zeal for your service. Yet these did you force, by the most inhuman severities, either to quit the Religion in which they were bred, and which their consciences still retained, or to leave their native Land, and endure all the Woes of perpetual Exile. It makes one shudder to think, that such Orders could come from a gay polished Court, from a King engaged in all the elegant pleasures which humanize and soften the Heart ; that such Orders, I say, should be given by Him, as the most savage Tartars could hardly have executed, without Remorse and Compassion !

L O U I S.

It was not my Nature, but my Religion, that dictated these severities. My Confessor told me, they would atone for all my sins.

P E T E R.

In defending yourself you condemn your Religion. Had I believed in my Patriarch, as you believed in your Priest, I should not have been the great King that I was. — But I will press you no farther upon that Matter.

We

We have both been illustrious in different Ways. The Memory of us both is dear to our subjects, and they are proud of having obeyed us, which is the highest praise to a King. But there is this capital Distinction between us. The Pomp and Pageantry of state were necessary to your Greatness: Mine was independent of those outward Trappings. I was great in myself, great in the Energy and Powers of my Mind, great in the superiority and *sovereignty* of my soul over all other Men.



DIALOGUE



DIALOGUE III.

PLATO — FENELON.

PLATO.

WELCOME to Elyfium, O Thou, the most pure, the most gentle, the most refined Disciple of Philosophy that the World, in the modern times, has produced! Sage Fenelon, welcome! — I need not name myself to you. Our souls must by sympathy know one another.

FENELON.

I know you to be Plato, the most amiable of all the Disciples of Socrates, and the Philosopher of all Antiquity whom I the most desired to resemble.

PLATO.

Homer and Orpheus are very impatient to see you in that region of these happy Fields
which

which their shades inhabit. They both acknowledge you to be a great Poet, tho' you have never written a Verse. And they are now busy in weaving for you unfading wreaths of the finest and sweetest Elysian Flowers. But I will lead you from Them to the sacred Grove of Philosophy, on the highest Hill of Elysium, where the Air is most pure and most serene. I will conduct you to the Fountain of Wisdom, in which you will see, as in your own Writings, the fair Image of Virtue perpetually reflected. It will raise in you more Love than was felt by Narcissus, when he saw his own face in the unruffled spring. But you shall not pine, as he did, for a shadow. The Goddess herself shall meet your Embraces and mix with your Soul.

F E N E L O N.

I find you retain the same Allegorical and Poetical Style, which you were so fond of in some of your Writings. Mine run sometimes into Poetry too, particularly in my *Telemachus*, which I meant to make a kind of Epic Composition. But I dare not rank myself among the great Poets, nor pretend to any Equality in Oratory with You, the most eloquent of Philosophers,

C

on

on whose Lips the Attic Bees distilled all their Honey.

P L A T O.

The French Language is not so harmonious as the Greek: Yet You have given a Sweetness and Melody to it, which equally charms the Ear and the Heart. When one reads your Compositions, one thinks that one hears Apollo's Lyre, strung by the hands of the Graces, and tuned by the Muses. The Idea of a *perfect King*, which you have exhibited in your *Telemachus*, far excels, in my own Judgment, my imaginary *Republic*. Your *Dialogues* breathe the pure spirit of Virtue, of unaffected Good Sense, of just Criticism, of fine Taste. They are in general as superior to your Countryman Fontenelle's, as Reason is to False Wit, or Truth to Affectation. The greatest Fault of them is that some are too short.

F E N E L O N.

It has been objected to them, and I am sensible of it myself, that they are too full of *Common-place Morals*. But I wrote them for the instruction of a young Prince: and one cannot too strongly imprint on the Minds of those who are born to rule over Nations the most simple Truths: because, as they grow up, the Flattery of a Court will

will try to disguise and hide from them those Truths, and to eradicate from their Hearts the Love of their Duty, if it has not taken there a very deep Root.

P L A T O.

It is indeed the peculiar Misfortune of Princes, that they are often instructed with very great care in the Refinements of Policy, and not taught the first Principles of Moral Obligations, or taught so superficially, that the *virtuous Man* is soon lost in the *corrupt Politician*. But the Lessons you gave your young Prince are so graced by the charms of your Eloquence, that the oldest and wisest Men may read them with pleasure. All your Works are embellished with a sublime and agreeable Imagination, which gives to Simplicity Elegance, and Dignity to the most vulgar and obvious Truths. I have heard, indeed, that your Countrymen are less sensible of the Beauty of your Genius and Style than some of their Neighbours. What has so much depraved their Taste?

F E N E L O N.

That which depraved the Taste of the Romans after the Age of Augustus ; an

immoderate Love of *Wit*, of *Paradox*, of *Refinement*. The Works of their Writers like the faces of their Women, must be painted and adorned with artificial Embellishments to attract their Regards. And thus the natural Beauty is lost. But it is no wonder if few of them esteem my *Telemachus* in a Political Light ; the Maxims inculcated there being such as they think inconsistent with the Grandeur of their Monarchy, and with the Splendour of a refined and opulent Nation. They seem to be falling into Opinions, that the chief End of Society is to procure men the pleasures of Luxury ; that an elegant Taste of voluptuous Enjoyments is the perfection of Merit ; and that a King, who is gallant, magnificent, liberal, who builds a fine Palace, who furnishes it well with Statues and Pictures, who encourages the fine Arts, and makes them subservient to every modish Vice, who has a restless Ambition, a perfidious Policy, and a Spirit of Conquest, is better for them than a Numa, or a Marcus Aurelius. Whereas, to check the Excesses of Luxury, those Excesses I mean which enfeeble the Spirit and Strength of a Nation ; to ease the People, as much as is possible, of the Burthen of Taxes ; to give them the Blessings of
Peace

Peace and Tranquillity, when they can be obtained without Loss or Dishonour; to make them frugal, and hardy, and masculine in the temper of their Bodies and Minds, that they may be the fitter for War when it does come upon them; but above all to watch over their Morals, and discourage whatever may taint or corrupt them, is the great Business of Government, and ought to be always the principal Object of wise Legislatures. Certainly *that is the happiest Country, which has most Virtue in it*: and to the Eye of right Reason the poorest Swiss Canton is a much nobler State than the Kingdom of France, if it has more Liberty, better Morals, a more settled Tranquillity, more Moderation in Prosperity, more Firmness in Danger.

P L A T O.

Your Notions are just, and if your Country explodes them she will not be long the First Nation in Europe. Her Declension is begun, her Ruin approaches.— But lest you should think, from the Praise I have given you, that Flattery can find a place in Elysium, allow me to lament, with the grief of a Friend, that a Man so superior to all other Follies could give into the *Reveries* of a

DIALOGUES

Madame Guyon, a distracted Enthusiast. How strange was it to see *the two great Lights of France*, You and the Bishop of Meaux, engaged in a Controversy, whether a *Madwoman* was a *Heretic*, or a *Saint*!

F E N E L O N.

I confess my own Weakness, and the Ridiculousness of the Dispute. But did not you also give into some *Reveries* about *Divine Love*, in which you talked unintelligibly, even to yourself?

P L A T O.

I *felt* something more than I could express.

F E N E L O N.

I had my *Feelings* too, as fine and as lively as your's. But we should both have done better to have avoided those subjects, in which *sentiment* took the place of *cool Reason* and *sober Truth*.

DIALOGUES



DIALOGUE IV.

Mr. ADDISON — Dr. SWIFT.

Dr. SWIFT.

SURELY, Addison, Fortune was exceedingly bent upon playing the Fool (a humour her Ladyship, as well as most other Ladies of very great Quality, is frequently in) when she made you a *Minister of State*, and me a *Divine*!

ADDISON.

I must confess we were both of us out of our Elements. But you don't mean to insinuate, that, if our destinies had been reversed, all would have been right?

SWIFT.

Yes, I do. — You would have made an excellent Bishop, and I should have governed Great Britain, as I did Ireland, with an absolute Sway, while I talked of nothing but Liberty, Property, and so forth.

DIALOGUES

ADDISON.

You governed the Mob of Ireland ; but I never heard that you governed the kingdom. A Nation and a Mob are different Things.

SWIFT.

Ay ; so you fellows that have no Genius for Politics may suppose. But there are times, when by putting himself at the head of the Mob, an able Man may get to the head of the Nation. Nay, there are times, when the Nation itself is a Mob, and may be treated as such by a skilful Observer.

ADDISON.

I don't deny the Truth of your Axiom. But is there no danger, that, from the Vicissitudes of Human Affairs, the Favourite of the Mob should be mobbed in his turn?

SWIFT.

Sometimes there may : but I risked it ; and it answered my Purpose. Ask the Lord Lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me, instead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my superiority. And if I could make myself so considerable, when I was only a dirty Dean of St. Patrick's,

Patrick's, without a Seat in either House of Parliament, what should I have done, if Fortune had placed me in England, uncumbered with a Gown, and in a situation to make myself heard in the House of Lords or of Commons?

A D D I S O N.

You would doubtless have done very marvellous Acts! Perhaps you might have then been as zealous a Whig as Lord Wharton himself. Or, if the Whigs had offended *the Statesman*, as they unhappily did *the Doctor*, who knows but you might have brought in the Pretender? Pray let me ask you one Question between you and me. If you had been First Minister under that Prince, would you have tolerated the Protestant Religion, or not — ?

S W I F T.

Ha! Mr. Secretary; are you witty upon me? Do you think, because Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great Man in the State, that he could also make you as great in Wit, as Nature made me? No, no; Wit is like Grace, it must come *from above*. You can no more get *that* from the King, than My Lords the Bishops can *the other*.

other. And tho' I will own you had some, yet believe me, my Friend, it was no Match for mine. I think you have not Vanity enough to pretend to a Competition with me.

A D D I S O N.

I have been often told by my Friends that I was rather too modest. So, if you please, I will not decide this dispute for myself, but refer it to Mercury, the God of Wit, who happens just now to be coming this way, with a Soul he has newly brought to the Shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! A question of Precedence in the Class of Wit and Humour, over which you preside, having arisen between me and my countryman, Dr. Swift, we beg leave —

MERCURY— Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see you — How does my old Lad? How does honest *Lemuel Gulliver*? Have you been in *Lilliput* lately, or in the *flying Island*, or with your good nurse *Glumdalclitch*? Pray when did you *eat a crust with Lord Peter*? Is *Jack* as mad still as ever? I hear the poor fellow is almost got well by *more gentle Usage*. If he had but more *Food* he would be as much in his Senses as *Brother Martin* himself.

himself. But *Martin*, they tell me, has spawned a strange brood of fellows called *Methodists*, *Moravians*, *Hutchinsonians*, who are madder than *Jack* was in his worst days. It is a pity you are not alive again to be *at them*. They would be excellent food for your Tooth; and a sharp Tooth it was, as ever was placed in the Gum of a Mortal; ay, and a strong one too. The hardest food would not break it, and it could pierce the thickest skulls. Indeed it was like one of Cerberus's Teeth: one should not have thought it belonged to a Man — Mr. Addison, I beg your pardon, I should have spoken to you sooner; but I was so struck with the sight of the Doctor, that I forgot for a time the respects due to you.

S W I F T.

Addison, I think our dispute is decided, before the Judge has heard the cause.

A D D I S O N.

I own it is, in your favour, and I submit — but —

MERCURY — Don't be discouraged, Friend Addison. Apollo perhaps would have given a different Judgment. I am a Wit, and a Rogue, and a foe to all Dignity.

nity. Swift and I naturally like one another. He worships me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer. But yet, I assure you, I have a great value for you.—*Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the Country-gentleman in the Freeholder*, and twenty more characters, drawn with the finest Strokes of natural Wit and Humour in your excellent Writings, seat you very high in the Class of *my Authors*, though not quite so high as the Dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have come nearer to him, if the Decency of your Nature and Cautiousness of your Judgment would have given you leave. But, if in the force and spirit of his Wit he has the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the polite and elegant Graces; in the fine touches of delicate sentiment; in developing the secret springs of the Soul; in shewing all the mild lights and shades of a character; in marking distinctly every line, and every soft gradation of tints, which would escape the common Eye! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the shade even of the greatest simplicity, or the most ridiculous weaknesses; so that we are forced to admire, and feel that

that we *venerate*, even while we are laughing! Swift could do nothing that approaches to this. — He could draw an ill face very well, or caricature a good one with a masterly hand: but there was all his power: and, if I am to speak as a *God*, a worthless power it is. Your's is divine. It tends to improve and exalt human nature.

SWIFT.

Pray, good Mercury, (if I may have leave to say a word for myself) do you think that my Talent was of no use to *correct* human Nature? Is Whipping of no Use to mend haughty Boys?

MERCURY — Men are not so patient of Whipping as Boys; and I seldom have known a *rough Satirist* mend them. But I will allow that you have done some Good in that way, though not half so much as Addison did in his. And now you are *here*, if Pluto and Proserpine would take my advice, they should dispose of you both in this Manner. — When any Hero comes hither from Earth who wants to be humbled, (as most Heroes do) they should set Swift upon him, to bring him down. The same good Office he may frequently do to a Saint swoln too much with the Wind of spiritual

spiritual Pride; or to a Philosopher vain of his Wisdom and Virtue. He will soon shew the first, that he cannot be Holy, without being Humble; and the last, that with all his boasted Morality, he is but a better kind of *Yahoo*. I would also have him apply his *anticosmetic* Wash to the painted face of female Vanity, and his Rod, which draws blood at every stroke, to the hard back of insolent Folly or petulant Wit. But you, Mr. Addison, should be employed to comfort and raise the spirits of those, whose good and noble Souls are dejected with a Sense of some infirmities in their nature. To them you should hold your fair and charitable Mirrour, which would bring to their sight all their hidden Perfections, cast over the rest a softening shade, and put them in a temper fit for Elysium. — Adieu: I must now return to my Business above.

DIALOGUE



DIALOGUE V.

ULYSSES — CIRCE,

*In CIRCE's Island *.*

CIRCE.

YOU will go then, Ulysses; but why will you go? I desire you to speak the thoughts of your Heart. Speak without reserve.—What carries you from me?

ULYSSES.

Pardon, Goddess, the Weakness of human Nature. My Heart will sigh for my

* N. B. This can't be properly called a Dialogue of the Dead; but there is one of the same kind among Cambray's *Dialogues*, between Ulysses and his companion Grillus, when turned to a Boar by the enchantments of Circe, and two or three others, supposed to have past between Persons alive.

Country.

Country. It is a Tendernefs which all my Attachment to you cannot overcome.

C I R C E.

This is not all. I perceive you are afraid to declare your whole mind: But what do you fear? My Terrors are gone. The proudest Goddefs on Earth, when ſhe has favoured a Mortal as I have favoured you, has laid her Divinity and Power at his Feet.

U L Y S S E S.

It may be ſo, while there ſtill remains in her heart the fondnefs of Love, or in her mind the fear of ſhame. But you, Circe, are above thoſe vulgar Senſations.

C I R C E.

I underſtand your Caution; it belongs to your Character: and therefore, to take all Diffidence from you, I ſwear by Styx, I will do no harm to you or your Friends, for any thing which you ſay, though it ſhould offend me ever ſo much; but will ſend you away with all Marks of my Friendſhip. Tell me now truly, what pleaſures you hope to enjoy in the barren Iſland of Ithaca, which can compenſate
for

for those you leave in this Paradise, exempt from all cares, and overflowing with all delights?

U L Y S S E S.

The Pleasures of Virtue; the supreme Happiness of doing Good. Here I do nothing. My Mind is in a Palsy. Its faculties are benumbed. I long to return into Action again, that I may employ those Talents and Virtues, which I have cultivated from the earliest Days of my Youth. Toils and Cares fright not me. They are the Exercise of my soul; they keep it in Health and in Vigour. Give me again the fields of Troy, rather than these vacant Groves. There I could reap the bright Harvest of Glory; here I am hid from the Eyes of Mankind, and begin to appear contemptible in my own. The Image of *my former self* haunts and seems to upbraid me, wherever I go. I meet it under the gloom of every shade: it even intrudes itself into your Presence, and chides me from your Arms. O Goddess, unless you have power to lay that troublesome Spirit, unless you can make me forget myself, I cannot be happy here, I shall every day be more wretched.

D

C I R C E.

C I R C E.

May not a wise and good Man, who has spent all his Youth in active life and honourable danger, when he begins to decline, have leave to retire, and enjoy the rest of his days in Quiet and Pleasure.

U L Y S S E S.

No Retreat can be honourable to a wise and good Man, but in company with the Muses. I am deprived of that sacred Society here. The Muses will not inhabit the Abodes of Voluptuousness and sensual pleasure. How can I study, how can I think, while so many Beasts (and the worst Beasts I know are Men turned into Beasts) are howling, or roaring, or grunting about me?

C I R C E.

There is something in this: but this is not all. You suppress the strongest reason that draws you to Ithaca. There is another Image, besides that of *your former self*, which appears to you in all parts of this Island; which follows your Walks; which interposes itself between you and me, and chides you from my Arms. It is Penelope,
Ulysses,

Ulysses, I know it is. — Don't pretend to deny it. You sigh for Her in my bosom itself.—And yet she is not an Immortal. — She is not, as I am, endowed with the Gift of unfading Youth. Several Years have past since her's has been faded. I think without Vanity that she was never so handsome as I. But what is she now?

U L Y S S E S.

You have told me yourself, in a former conversation, when I enquired of you about her, that she is true to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years Absence, as when I left her to go to Troy. I left her in the bloom of her Youth and her Beauty. How much must her Constancy have been tried since that time! How meritorious is her Fidelity! Shall I reward her with Falshood? Shall I forget her, who can't forget me; who has nothing so dear to her as my Remembrance?

C I R C E.

Her Love is preserved by the continual Hope of your speedy Return. Take that Hope from her. Let your companions return, and let her know that you have fixed your Abode here with me, that you have

fixed it for ever. Let her know that she is free to dispose of her Heart and her Hand as she pleases. Send my Picture to her ; bid her compare it with her own face. — If all this does not cure her of the remains of her Passion, if you don't hear of her marrying Eurymachus in a twelvemonth, I understand nothing of Womankind.

U L Y S S E S.

O cruel Goddess ! why will you force me to tell you those Truths I wish to conceal ? If by such unjust, such barbarous Usage, I could lose her Heart, it would break mine. How should I endure the torment of thinking, that I had wronged such a Wife ? What could make me amends for her not being mine, for her being another's ? Don't frown, Circe ; I own (since you will have me speak) I own *You* could not. — With all your Pride of immortal Beauty, with all your magical Charms to assist those of Nature, you are not such a powerful Charmer as she. You feel *Desire*, and you give it : but you never felt *Love*, nor can you inspire it. How can I love one who would have degraded me into a Beast ? Penelope raised me into a Hero. Her love ennobled, invigorated, exalted my Mind. She

bid me go to the Siege of Troy, though the parting with me was worse than Death to herself. She bid me expose myself there to all Perils among the foremost Heroes of Greece, though her poor Heart trembled to think of the least I should meet, and would have given all its own blood to save a drop of mine. Then there was such a conformity in all our Inclinations! When Minerva taught me the lessons of Wisdom she loved to be present; she heard, she retained the moral Instructions, the sublime truths of Nature: She gave them back to me softened and sweetened with the peculiar Graces of her own Mind. When we unbent our thoughts with the charms of Poetry, when we read together the Poems of Orpheus, Musæus, and Linus, with what Taste did she mark every excellence in them! My feelings were dull, compared to her's. She seemed herself to be the Muse who had inspired those Verses, and had tuned their Lyres to infuse into the Hearts of Mankind the Love of Wisdom and Virtue, and the Fear of the Gods. How beneficent was she, how good to my People! What care did she take to instruct them in the finer and more elegant Arts; to relieve the Necessities of the Sick and the Aged;

to superintend the Education of Children ; to do my Subjects every good Office of kind Intercession ; to lay before me their Wants, to assist their Petitions, to mediate for those who were Objects of Mercy, to sue for those who deserved the favours of the Crown. And shall I banish myself for ever from such a Comfort ? Shall I give up her Society for the brutal Joys of a sensual Life, keeping indeed the form of a Man, but having lost the human Soul, or at least all its noble and godlike Powers ? Oh Circe, forgive me ; I can't bear the thought.

C I R C E.

Be gone — don't imagine I ask you to stay. *The Daughter of the Sun* is not so mean-spirited, as to solicit a Mortal to share her Happiness with her. It is a Happiness which I find you cannot enjoy. I pity you and despise you. That which you seem to value so much I have no Notion of. All you have said seems to me a Jargon of Sentiments fitter for a silly Woman than for a Great Man. Go, read, and spin too, if you please, with your Wife. I forbid you to remain another day in my Island. You shall have a fair Wind to carry you from

from it. After that, may every storm, that Neptune can raise, pursue and overwhelm you. Be gone, I say, quit my fight.

U L Y S S E S.

Great Goddess, I obey — but remember your Oath. —





DIALOGUE VI.

MERCURY — An English DUELLIST —
A North-American SAVAGE.

The DUELLIST.

MERCURY, Charon's Boat is on the other side of the Water. Allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither at the same time as you conducted me to the Shades. I never saw one of that *Species* before, and am curious to know what the Animal is. He looks very grim. — Pray, Sir, what is your Name? I understand you speak English.

S A V A G E.

Yes, I learnt it in my Childhood, having been bred for some years in the Town of New York. But, before I was a Man, I
returned

returned to my Countrymen, the valiant *Mohawks*; and being cheated by one of your's in the sale of some Rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the Hatchet for them with the rest of my Tribe in the War against France, and was killed while I was out upon a *Scalping Party*. But I died very well satisfied: for my Friends were victorious, and before I was shot I had scalped seven Men and five Women and Children. In a former War I had done still greater Exploits. My Name is *the bloody Bear*: it was given me to express my Fierceness and Valour.

D U E L L I S T.

Bloody Bear, I respect you, and am much your humble Servant. My Name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a Gentleman by my Birth, and by Profession a Gamester and Man of Honour. I have killed Men in fair Fighting, in honourable single combat, but don't understand cutting the Throats of Women and Children.

S A V A G E.

S A V A G E.

Sir, that is our way of making War. Every Nation has its own Customs. But by the Grimness of your Countenance, and that Hole in your Breast, I presume you were killed, as I was myself, in some scalping Party. How happened it that your Enemy did not take off your Scalp?

D U E L L I S T.

Sir, I was killed in a Duel. A Friend of mine had lent me some Money. After two or three years, being in great Want himself, he asked me to pay him. I thought his Demand an Affront to my Honour, and sent him a Challenge. We met in Hide-Park. The Fellow could not fence: I was the adroiteft Swordsman in England. I gave him three or four Wounds, but at last he run upon me with such Impetuosity, that he put me out of my Play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the Lungs. I died the next day, as a Man of Honour should, without any snivelling signs of Repentance; and he will follow me soon, for his Surgeon has declared his Wounds to be mortal. It is said, that his Wife is dead of her Fright, and that his
Family

Family of seven Children will be undone by his Death. So I am well revenged, and that is a Comfort. For my Part, I had no Wife. — I always hated Marriage.: my Whore will take good care of herself, and my Children are provided for at the Foundling Hospital.

S A V A G E.

Mercury, I won't go in a Boat with that Fellow. He has murdered his Countryman : he has murdered his Friend : I say, I won't go in a Boat with that Fellow. I will swim over the River : I can swim like a Duck.

M E R C U R Y.

Swim over the Styx ! it must not be done ; it is against the Laws of Pluto's Empire. You must go in the Boat, and be quiet.

S A V A G E.

Don't tell me of Laws : I am a Savage : I value no Laws. Talk of Laws to the Englishman : there are Laws in his Country, and yet you see he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his Fellow-subject, in time of Peace, because he
asked

D I A L O G U E S

asked him to pay a Debt. I know that the English are *a barbarous Nation*; but they can't be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

M E R C U R Y.

You reason well against Him. But how comes it that you are so offended with Murder; you, who have massacred Women in their Sleep, and Children in the Cradle?

S A V A G E.

I killed none but my Enemies: I never killed my own Countrymen: I never killed my Friend. — Here, take my Blanket, and let it come over in the Boat; but see that the Murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it. If he does, I will burn it in the Fire I see yonder. Farewell. — I am resolved to swim over the Water.

M E R C U R Y.

By this touch of my Wand I take all thy Strength from thee. — Swim now if thou canst.

S A V A G E.

S A V A G E.

This is a very potent Enchanter. — Restore me my Strength, and I will obey thee.

M E R C U R Y.

I restore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you: Otherwise worse will befall you.

D U E L L I S T.

Mercury, leave him to me. I'll tutor him for you. Sirrah Savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company? Dost thou know that I have kept the best company in England?

S A V A G E.

I know thou art a Scoundrel.—Not pay thy Debts! kill thy Friend who lent thee Money for asking thee for it! Get out of my sight. I will drive thee into Styx.

M E R C U R Y.

Stop.—I command thee. No Violence.
—Talk to him calmly.

S A V A G E.

S A V A G E.

I must obey thee. — Well, Sir, let me know what Merit you had, to introduce you into good company? What could you do.

D U E L L I S T.

Sir, I gamed, as I told you. — Besides, I kept a good table. — I *eat* as well as any Man in England or France.

S A V A G E.

Eat! did you ever eat the Chine of a Frenchman, or his Leg, or his Shoulder! There is *fine Eating!* I have eat twenty. — My table was always *well served*. My Wife was the best Cook for the dressing of Man's Flesh in all North-America. You will not pretend to compare your *Eating* with mine?

D U E L L I S T.

I danced very finely.

S A V A G E.

I'll dance with thee for thy Ears. — I can dance all day long. I can dance the *War-Dance* with more Spirit and Vigour than any Man of my Nation. Let us see thee

thee begin it. How thou standest like a Post! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling Rod? Or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou hast not yet learnt. I'd make thee caper and leap like a Buck. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging *Rascal*?

D U E L L I S T.

O Heavens! must I bear this! What can I do with this Fellow? I have neither Sword, nor Pistol. And his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

M E R C U R Y.

You must answer his Questions. It was your own Desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well bred; but he will tell you some truths which you must hear in this Place. It would have been well for you, if you had heard them *above*. He asked you what you could do besides Eating and Dancing.

D U E L L I S T.

I sung very agreeably.

S A V A G E.

DIALOGUES

S A V A G E.

Let me hear you sing your *Death Song*, or the *War Whoop*. I challenge you to sing. — The fellow is mute. — Mercury, this is a *Liar*. — He tells us nothing but *Lies*. Let me pull out his tongue.

D U E L L I S T.

The Lie given me ! — and alas ! I dare not resent it. Oh what a Disgrace to the family of the Pushwells ! This indeed is *Damnation*.

M E R C U R Y.

Here, Charon, take these two Savages to your Care. How far the Barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid Acts I leave Minos to judge. But the Englishman, what Excuse can he plead ? The Custom of Duelling ? A bad Excuse at the best ! but in his case it cannot avail. The Spirit that made him draw his sword in this combat against his Friend is not that of *Honour* ; it is the Spirit of the Furies, of *Alecto* herself. To her he must go, for she hath long dwelt in his merciless bosom.

S A V A G E.

S A V A G E.

If he is to be punished, turn him over to me. I understand the Art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin with this *kick on your Breech*. Get you into the Boat, or I'll give you another. I am impatient to have you condemned.

D U E L L I S T.

Oh my Honour, my Honour, to what Infamy art thou fallen!





DIALOGUE VII.

PLINY THE ELDER.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

PLINY THE ELDER.

V. C. Plinii
Epist. l. vi.
ep. 20.

THE Account that you give me, Nephew, of your Behaviour, amidst the Terrors and Perils that accompanied the first Eruption of Vesuvius, does not please me much. There was more of Vanity in it than true Magnanimity. Nothing is Great that is unnatural and affected. When the Earth shook beneath you, when the Heavens were obscured with sulphureous Clouds full of Ashes and Cinders thrown up from the bowels of the new-formed Volcano, when all Nature seemed on the brink of Destruction, to be *reading Livy*, and *making Extracts*, as if all had been safe and quiet about you, was an absurd

furd Affectation. To meet Danger with Courage is the Part of a Man ; but to be insensible of it is brutal Stupidity ; and to pretend Insensibility, where it cannot exist ; is ridiculous Falseness. When you afterwards refused to leave your aged Mother, and save yourself without her by Flight, you indeed acted nobly. It was also becoming a Roman, to keep up her Spirits, amidst all the horrors of that dreadful Scene, by shewing yourself undismayed and courageous. But the Merit and Glory of this Part of your Conduct is sunk by the other, which gives an air of Ostentation and Vanity to the Whole.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

That vulgar Minds should suppose my Attention to my Studies in such a conjuncture unnatural and affected, I should not much wonder. But that You would blame it as such, I did not expect ; You, who approached still nearer than I to the fiery Storm, and died by the suffocating Heat of the Vapour.

PLINY THE ELDER.

I died, as a good and brave Man ought V. Epist. 16, to die, in doing my Duty. Let me recall l. vi.

to your Memory all the Particulars, and then you shall judge yourself on the difference of your Conduct and mine. I was the Præfect of the Roman Fleet which then lay at Misenum. Upon the first Account I received of the very unusual Cloud that appeared in the Air, I ordered a Vessel to carry me out, to some distance from the Shore, that I might the better observe the Phænomenon, and try to discover its nature and cause. This I did, as a Philosopher, and it was a Curiosity proper and natural to a searching, inquisitive Mind. I offered to take you with me, and surely you should have desired to go; for *Livy* might have been read at any other time, and such Spectacles are not frequent: but you remained fixed and chained down to your book with a pedantic Attachment. When I came out from my House, I found all the People forsaking their Dwellings, and flying to the Sea, as the safest Retreat. To assist them and all others who dwelt on the Coast, I immediately ordered the Fleet to put out, and sailed with it round the whole Bay of Naples, steering particularly to those Parts of the Shore, where the Danger was greatest, and from whence the Inhabitants were endeavouring to escape with the most trepidation.

pidation. Thus I spent the whole day, and preserved by my care some thousands of lives; noting at the same time, with a steady composure and freedom of Mind, the several Forms and Phænomena of the Eruption. Towards Night, as we approached to the foot of Vesuvius, all the gallies were covered with Ashes and Embers, which grew hotter and hotter; then Showers of Pumice Stones and burnt and broken *Pyrites* began to fall on our heads; and we were stopt by the Obstacles, which the Ruins of the Mountain had suddenly formed, by falling into the Sea, and almost filling it up, on that part of the Coast. I then commanded my pilot to steer to the Villa of my Friend Pomponianus, which, you know, was situated in the inmost Recess of the Bay. The Wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the Shore, as he wished to have done. We were therefore constrained to pass the night in his House. They watched, and I slept; till the heaps of Pumice Stones, which fell from the Clouds, that had now been impelled to that side of the Bay, rose so high in the Area of the Apartment I lay in, that I could not have got out, had I staid any

longer; and the Earthquakes were so violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the House. We therefore thought it more safe to go into the open Air, guarding our heads as well as we could with Pillows tied upon them. The Wind continuing adverse, and the Sea very rough, we remained on the Shore, till a sulphureous and fiery Vapour oppressed my weak Lungs, and ended my Life. — In all this I hope that I acted as the Duty of my Station required, and with true Magnanimity. But on this Occasion, and in many other Parts of your life, I must say, my dear Nephew, that there was a Vanity mixed with your Virtue which hurt and disgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthiest Men that Rome has produced; for none ever excelled you in the Integrity of your Heart and Greatness of your Sentiments. Why would you lose the Substance of Glory by seeking the Shadow? — Your Eloquence had the same fault as your Manners: it was too *affected*. You professed to make Cicero your Guide and your Pattern. But when one reads his Panegyric upon Julius Cæsar, in his Oration for Marcellus, and your's upon Trajan, the first seems the language of Nature and Truth, raised and dignified

with all the Majesty of the most sublime Eloquence : the latter appears the studied Harangue of a florid *Rhetorician*, more desirous to *shine*, and to set off his own Wit, than to extol the great Man he was praising.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

I have too high a respect for you, Uncle, to question your Judgment either of my Life or my Writings. They might both have been better, if I had not been too solicitous to render them perfect. But it is not for me to say much on that Subject. Permit me therefore to return to the Subject on which we began our Conversation. What a direful Calamity was the Eruption of Vesuvius, which you have now been describing? Don't you remember the beauty of that charming Coast, and of the Mountain itself, before it was broken and torn with the violence of those sudden Fires, that forced their way through it, and carried Desolation and Ruin over all the neighbouring Country? The foot of it was covered with Corn Fields and rich Meadows, interspersed with fine Villas, and magnificent Towns: the Sides of it were cloathed with the best Vines in Italy, producing the rich-

est and noblest Wines. How quick, how unexpected, how dreadful the Change ! All was at once overwhelmed, with Ashes, and Cinders, and fiery Torrents, presenting to the Eye the most dismal Scene of Horror and Destruction !

P L I N Y T H E E L D E R.

You paint it very truly. — But has it never occurred to your Mind, that this Change is an Emblem of that which must happen to every rich, luxurious State ? While the Inhabitants of it are sunk in Voluptuousness, while all is smiling around them, and they think that no Evil, no Danger is nigh, the Seeds of Destruction are fermenting within ; and breaking out on a sudden, lay waste all their Opulence, all their Delights ; till they are left a sad Monument of Divine Wrath, and of the fatal Effects of internal Corruption.

D I A L O G U E



DIALOGUE VIII.

FERNANDO CORTEZ—WILLIAM PENN.

C O R T E Z.

IS it possible, William Penn, that you should compare your Glory with mine ! The Planter of a small Colony in North-America presume to vie with the great Conqueror of the Mexican Empire !

P E N N.

Friend, I pretend to no Glory, — the LORD preserve me from it. — All Glory is *his* ; — but this I say, that I was *his* *Instrument* in a more glorious Work than that done by thee : incomparably more glorious.

C O R T E Z.

C O R T E Z.

Dost thou not know, William Penn, that with less than six hundred Spanish Foot, eighteen Horse, and a few small pieces of Cannon, I fought and defeated innumerable Armies of very brave Men, dethroned an Emperor who had been raised to the Throne by his Valour, and excelled all his Countrymen in the Science of War, as much as they excelled all the rest of the West Indian Nations ? that I made him my Prisoner in his own Capital ; and, after he had been deposed by his subjects, vanquished and took Guatimozin, his successor, and accomplished my Conquest of the whole Empire, which I annexed to the Spanish Crown ? Dost thou not know, that, in doing these wonderful Acts, I shewed as much Courage as Alexander the Great, as much Prudence as Cæsar ? That by my Policy I ranged under my Banners the powerful Commonwealth of Tlascala, and brought them to serve me in subduing the Mexicans, though with the loss of their own Independence ? and that, to crown my Glory, when the Governor of Cuba, Velasquez, would have taken my Command from me, and sacrificed me to his Envy

Envy and Jealousy, I drew from him his troops and joined them to my own, shewing myself as superior to all other Spaniards as I was to the Indians?

P E N N.

I know that thou wast as fierce as a Lion, and as subtle as a Serpent. The Devil, perhaps, may place thee as high *in his black list of Heroes* as Alexander or Cæsar. It is not my Business to interfere with him in settling thy Rank. But hark thee, Friend Cortez — What Right hadst thou, or the King of Spain himself, to the Mexican Empire? Answer me that.

C O R T E Z.

The Pope gave it to my Master.

P E N N.

The Devil offered to give our LORD all the Kingdoms of the Earth, and I suppose the Pope, as *his Vicar*, gave thy Master this: in return for which he *fell down and worshipped him*, like an Idolater as he was. But suppose the High Priest of Mexico had taken it into his head to give Spain to Motezuma, would his Right have been good?

C O R T E Z.

D I A L O G U E S

C O R T E Z.

These are Questions of Casuistry, which it is not the business of a Soldier to decide. We leave that to Gownsmen. But pray, Mr. Penn, what Right had you to the Province you settled?

P E N N.

An honest Right of fair Purchase. We gave the Indians some Things which they wanted from Us, and they gave us Lands which they did not want. All was amicably agreed on, not a drop of blood shed to stain our Acquisition.

C O R T E Z.

I am afraid there was a little *Fraud* in the Purchase. Thy Followers, William Penn, are said to think cheating in a quiet and sober way no mortal sin.

C O R T E Z.

The Saints are always calumniated by the Ungodly. But it was a Sight for an Angel to behold with delight, to see the Colony which I settled! To see us living among the Indians like innocent Lambs, not devouring them like ravenous Wolves, as
thou

thou didst and thy bloody Companions !
To see the whole Country, that was before
a wild Desert, made as fertile and fair as the
Garden of God ! O Fernando Cortez,
Fernando Cortez ! didst thou leave Mexico
in that State ? No, thou hadst turned that
fertile and populous Region into a Desert,
a Desert flooded with Blood. Dost thou
remember that horrid Scene, when the no-
ble Emperor Guatimozin was stretched by
thy Soldiers on hot burning Coals, to make
him discover into what part of the Mexi-
can Lake he had thrown the Royal Trea-
sures ? Are not his Groans ever sounding in
the ears of thy Conscience ? Do not they
rend thy hard Heart, and strike thee with
more Horror than the Yells of the Furies ?

C O R T E Z.

Alas ! I was not present when that dire
Act was done. Had I been there I would
have forbidden it. My nature was mild.

P E N N.

Thou wast the Captain of that Band of
Robbers, who did this horrid Deed. Thou
hast enabled them to commit it by the
advantage they drew from thy Counsels and
Conduct. And thy Skill saved them after-
wards

wards from the Vengeance that was due to so enormous a Crime. The enraged Mexicans would have properly punished them for it, if they had not had thee for their General, thou *Lieutenant of Satan*.

C O R T E Z.

The *Saints* I find can *rail*, William Penn. But how do you hope to preserve this fine Colony which you have settled? If the Indians should always continue at peace with your Successors there, the French will not. Are the Inhabitants of Pennsylvania to make war against *them* with Prayers and with Preaching? If so, that Garden of God which you say you have planted, will soon be their Prey, and they will take from you your Property, Laws, and Religion.

P E N N.

The LORD's Will be done. The LORD will defend us, if it be his good Pleasure.

C O R T E Z.

Is this the Wisdom of a great Legislator! I have heard some of your Countrymen compare you to Solon! Did Solon, think you, give Laws to a People, and leave those Laws and that People exposed
to

to the Mercy of every Invader? The first Business of Legislature is to provide a military Strength that may secure the whole Fabric and System from Ruin. If a House is built in a land of Robbers, without a Gate, or a Bolt, or a Bar to defend it from their Attempts, what matters it how well-proportioned, or how commodious the Architecture of it may be? Is it richly furnished within? the more it will tempt the Robbers to come, and plunder its Wealth. The World, William Penn, is all a Land of Robbers. Any State or Commonwealth erected therein must be well fenced and secured by good military Institutions; or the finer, the wiser, the happier it is in all other respects, the greater will be its Danger, the more sure its Destruction. Perhaps the neighbouring English Colonies may for a while protect your's from the Indians and French; but that precarious Security cannot always preserve you. Your Plan of Government must be changed, or your Colony will be lost.

P E N N.

These are Suggestions of Human Wisdom. The Doctrines I held were *inspired*; they came *from above*.

CORTEZ.

C O R T E Z.

It is blasphemy to say, *that any Folly could come from the Fountain of Wisdom.* Whatever is inconsistent with the great Laws of Nature, and with the necessary State of Human Society, cannot be inspired by the Divinity. Self-defence is as necessary to Nations as Men. And shall Particulars have a Right which Nations have not? True Religion, William Penn, is the Perfection of Reason. Fanaticism is the Disgrace, the Destruction of Reason.

P E N N.

Though what thou sayest should be true, it does not come well from thy unhallowed Mouth. A *Papist* talk of *Reason*! Go to the Inquisition, and tell them of *Reason* and *the great Laws of Nature*. They will broil thee, as thy Soldiers broiled the unhappy Guatimozin. Why dost thou turn pale? Is it the name of the Inquisition, or the name of Guatimozin that troubles thy Soul? O wretched Man! who wast an Instrument to carry into so vast a part of America that hellish Tribunal. Tremble and shake when thou thinkest, that every
Murder

Murder which they have committed, every Torture they have inflicted on the innocent Indians, is owing to thee. Thou must answer to G O D for all their Inhumanity, all their Injustice. What wouldst thou give to part with the Renown of thy Wars and thy Conquests, and to have a conscience as pure and unsullied as mine?

C O R T E Z.

I feel the force of thy Words. They pierce me like Daggers. I can never, never be happy, while I remember the Ills I have caused. — Yet I thought I did right. I thought I laboured to advance the Glory of G O D, and propagate in the remotest Parts of the Earth his holy Religion. He will be merciful to well designing and pious Error. Thou too wilt have need of that gracious Indulgence; though not, I own, so much as I.

P E N N.

Ask thy Heart, whether Ambition was not thy real Motive, and Zeal the Pretence?

F

C O R T E Z.

C O R E Z.

Ask thine, whether thy Zeal had no worldly Views, and whether thou didst believe all the Nonsense of the Sect thou wast pleased to espouse. Adieu. — Self-Examination requires Retirement.



DIALOGUE



DIALOGUE IX.

MARCUS PORTIUS CATO.

MESSALLA CORVINUS.

CATO.

OH Messalla!—is it then possible that what some of our Countrymen tell me should be true? Is it possible that you could live the Courtier of Octavius, that you could accept of Employments and Honours from him, from the Tyrant of your Country; you, the brave, the noble-minded, the virtuous Messalla; you, whom, I remember, my Son-in-law Brutus has often extolled as the most promising Youth in Rome, tutored by Philosophy, trained up in Arms, scorning all those soft Pleasures that reconcile Men to an easy and indolent Servitude, fit for the roughest tasks of Honour and Virtue, fit to live or to *die* a Freeman?

F 2

MESSALLA.

MESSALLA.

Cato, I revere both your Life and your Death: but the last, I am sure, did no Good to your Country, and the former would have done more, if you could have mitigated a little the sternness of your Virtue, I will not say, of your Pride. For my own part, I adhered with constant Integrity to the Republic, while she existed. I fought for her at Philippi, under the only Commander, who, if he had conquered, would have conquered for Her, not for himself. When he was dead, I saw nothing remained to my Country but the Choice of a Master, I chose the best.

CATO.

The best! — What, a Man who had broken all Laws, who had violated all Trusts, who had led the Armies of the Commonwealth against Antony, and then joined with him and that sottish Traitor Lepidus, to set up a Triumvirate more execrable by far than either of the former; shed the best blood in Rome by inhuman Proscriptions; murdered even his own Guardian; murdered Cicero, to whose confidence, too weakly given, he owed all his Power!

Was

Was this the Man you chose for your Master? Could you bring your tongue to give him the name of *Augustus*? Could you stoop to beg Consulships and Triumphs from him? Oh Shame to Virtue! O Degeneracy of Rome! To what infamy are her Sons, her noblest Sons, fallen! The thought of it pains me more than the Wound that I died of: it stabs my Soul.

MESSALLA.

Moderate, Cato, the vehemence of your Indignation. There has always been too much Passion mixed with your Virtue. The Enthusiasm you are possessed with is of the most noble kind; but it disturbs and blinds your Judgment. Hear me with Patience, and with the Tranquillity that becomes a Philosopher. It is true, that Octavius had done all you say: but it is no less true, that he was the best Master Rome could then chuse. His Mind was fitted by nature for Empire. His Understanding was clear, strong, serene. His Passions were cool and under the absolute Command of his Reason. His very Ambition was *rational*, tho' it appeared to be boundless. His Name and Birth gave him an Authority over the Troops and over the People, which no

other could have in an equal degree. He used that Authority to check and restrain the Excesses of both, which it was no longer in the Power of the Senate to repress, nor of any other General, or Magistrate in the State. He restored Discipline in our Armies, the first Means of Salvation, without which no legal Government could have been formed or supported. He avoided all odious and invidious Names. He maintained and respected those which Time and long Habits had endeared to the Roman People. He permitted a generous freedom of Speech. He treated the Nobles of Pompey's Party as well as those of his Father's, if they did not themselves keep up the Distinction. He healed all the Wounds of our civil Dissentions. He formed a Plan of Government, moderate, decent, which left the Senate its Majesty, and some of its Power. He restored vigour and spirit to the Laws; he made new and good ones for the Reformation of Manners; he enforced their Execution; he governed the Empire with Lenity, Justice and Glory: he humbled the Pride of the Parthians; he broke the Fierceness of the barbarous Nations: He gave to his Country, exhausted and languishing with the great Loss of Blood, that she
had

had sustained in the course of so many civil Wars, the Blessing of Peace; a Blessing which was become so necessary for her, that she could have enjoyed no other without it. In doing these Things he had my Assistance. I am not ashamed to own that he had. I am prouder of it, and I think I can much better justify myself to my Country, than if I had died by my own hand at Philippi. Believe me, Cato, it is better to do some Good than to project a great deal. A little practicable Virtue is of more Use to Society than the most sublime Theory, or the best Principles of Government, ill applied.

C A T O.

Yet I must think it was beneath you to join in supporting a Government, which though coloured and mitigated, was a Tyranny still. Had you not better have gone into a voluntary Exile, where you would not have seen the face of the Tyrant, and where you might have practised those private Virtues, which are all that the Gods require from good Men in certain situations?

DIALOGUES

MESSALLA.

No: — I did much more Good by staying at Rome. Had Augustus required of me any thing base, any thing servile, I would have gone into Exile, I would have died, rather than do it. — But he asked no such thing. He respected my Virtue, he respected my Dignity, he used me as well as Agrippa, or as Mæcenas, with this distinction alone, that he never employed my Sword but against foreign Nations, or the old Enemies of the Republic.

CATO.

It must, I own, have been a pleasure to be employed against Antony, that Monster of Vice, who plotted the Ruin of Liberty, and the raising of himself to sovereign Power, amidst the Riot of Bacchanals, and in the Embraces of Harlots: who, when he had attained to that Power, delivered it up to a lascivious Queen, and would have made an Egyptian Strumpet the Mistress of Rome, if the Battle of Actium had not preserved Us from *that last of Misfortunes.*

MESSALLA.

MESSALLA.

In that Battle I had a considerable Share. So I had in encouraging the liberal Arts, which Augustus protected. Under his Patronage the Muses made Rome their Capital Seat. It would have pleased you to have known Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, Livy, and many more, whose names will be illustrious to all Generations.

CATO.

I understand you, Messalla. Your Augustus and You made Rome a Greek City, an Academy of fine Wits, another Athens under the Government of Demetrius Phalareus. I had much rather have seen her under Fabricius and Curius, and her other honest old Consuls, who could not read.

MESSALLA.

Yet to these Writers she will owe as much of her Glory as she did to those Heroes. I could say more, a great deal more, on the Happiness of the Government of Augustus. I might even add, and with some weight of Reason, that the vast extent of the Empire, the Factions of the Nobility,

Nobility, and the Corruption of the People, which no Laws under the ordinary Magistrates of the State were able to restrain, seemed to require some change in the Government: That Cato himself, had he been upon Earth, could have done us no Good, unless he would have yielded to become *our Prince*: But I see you consider me as a Defserter from the Republic, and an Apologist for a Tyrant. I therefore leave you to your own Meditations.





DIALOGUE X.

CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden.
Chancellor OXENSTIERN.

CHRISTINA.

YOU seem to avoid me, Oxenstiern;
and now we are met, you don't pay
me the Reverence due to your Queen!
Have you forgotten that I was your Sove-
reign?

OXENSTIERN.

I am not your Subject here, Madam;
but you have forgotten, that you yourself
broke that Bond, and freed me from my
Allegiance, many Years before you died,
by abdicating the Crown, against my Ad-
vice, and the Will of your People. Reve-
rence here is paid only to Virtue.

CHRISTINA.

CHRISTINA.

I see you have a mind to mortify me for acting against your Advice. But my Fame does not depend upon your Judgment. All Europe admired the Greatness of my Mind in resigning a Crown, to dedicate myself in the Love of the Muses and the fine Arts; things of which you had no taste in barbarous Sweden, the Realm of Goths and Vandals.

OXENSTIERN.

There is scarce any Mind *too great* for a Crown; but there are many *too little*. Are you sure, Madam, it was Magnanimity, that caused you to fly from the Government of a Kingdom, which your Ancestors, and particularly your heroic Father, Gustavus, had ruled with such Glory?

CHRISTINA.

Am I sure of it? Yes: — and to confirm my own Judgment, I have that of many learned Men and *Beaux Esprits* of all Countries, who have celebrated my Action as the perfection of Heroism.

OXENSTIERN.

OXENSTIERN.

Those *Beaux Esprits* judged according to their favourite Passion. I have heard young Ladies admire Mark Antony for heroically leaving his fleet at the Battle of Actium, to follow his Mistress, and losing the World for a Woman. Your Passion for Literature had much the same effect upon you. But why did not you indulge it in a way more becoming your Birth and your Rank? Why did not you bring the Muses to Sweden, instead of running from thence to seek them in Rome? For a Prince to encourage and protect Arts and Sciences, and more especially to instruct an illiterate People, and inspire them with Knowledge, fine Taste, and Politeness, is an Act of true Greatness.

CHRISTINA.

The Swedes were too gross to be refined by any Culture which I could have given to their half-frozen Souls. Wit and Genius require the Influence of a warmer and more Southern Climate.

OXENSTIERN.

The Swedes too gross! No, Madam: not even the Russians are too gross to be

refined, if they had a great Prince at their Head, to instruct them. The Swedes have sharp Wits, as keen as their Climate. They want nothing but Peace and good Masters to form them: if once they have those, they will make as great a figure in Science as Arms.

C H R I S T I N A.

It was too tedious a Work for the Vivacity of my Temper to polish Bears into Men: I should have died of the Spleen before I had made any Proficiency in it. My Desire was to shine among those who were able to judge of my Talents. At Paris, at Rome, I had the Glory of shewing the French and Italian Wits, that the North could produce *one* not inferior to them. They saw me with Wonder. The Homage I had received in my Court at Stockholm was paid to my *Dignity*: that which I drew from the French and Roman Academies was paid to my *Talents*. How much more glorious, how much more delightful was that Homage than the other! Could you have felt the Joy of my Heart, when I saw the greatest Authors, in the most learned and civilized Countries of Europe, bringing their Works to me, and submitting the

the Merit of them to my Decisions ; when I saw the Philosophers, the Historians, the Poets, the Rhetoricians, the Painters, the Sculptors, making my Judgment the measure of their Reputation ; you would not wonder that I preferred the Empire of Wit to all other Empire, but especially to the contracted Dominions of Sweden.

O X E N S T I E R N.

O Great Gustavus ! my ever honoured, my adored Master ! O greatest of Kings, greatest in Valour, in Virtue, in Wisdom, with what Indignation must thy noble Soul have looked down from that Heaven where thou art enthroned, on thy unworthy, degenerate Daughter ! With what shame must thou have seen her rambling about from Court to Court, deprived of her Royal Dignity, debased into a Pedant, a Witling, a Smatterer in Sculpture and Painting, reduced to beg or buy flattery from each needy Poet, or hireling Rhetorician ! My Heart bleeds when I think of this Infamy, this foul Stain to thy Royal Blood, illustrious Prince ! And yet — would to G O D ! would to G O D ! this was all the Pollution it suffered !

C H R I S T I N A.

DIALOGUES

CHRISTINA.

Darest thou, Oxenstiern, darest thou impute any Blemish to my Honour? I think thou hast not the Insolence even to hint to me the affront of such a Suspicion.

OXENSTIERN.

Madam, the World scarce respects the frailties of Queens when they are on their Thrones; much less when they have thought fit to level themselves to the rank of the Vulgar. And if their fame has suffered unjustly by scandalous tongues, the way to clear it is not by an *assassination*.

CHRISTINA.

Oh! that I were alive again and restored to my Throne, that I might punish the Audaciousness of this hoary Traitor! — But, see! he leaves me, he turns his back on me with cool Contempt! — Alas! do I not deserve that Contempt? In spite of myself I must own that I do. — O Vanity, how short-lived are the pleasures thou givest! I was thy Votary: Thou wast the God for whom I changed my Religion. For thee I forsook my Country, my Throne. What hast thou paid me back for the Sacrifices I made

made thee? Some Puffs of Incense from Authors, who either thought their Flattery due to the Rank I had held, or hoped to advance themselves by my Recommendation, or, at best, over-rated my Passion for Literature, and praised me, to raise the Value of Talents in which they excelled. But in the thoughts of *wise Men* I stand very low; and *their thoughts alone are the true measure of Glory*. Nothing, I find, can give the Mind lasting joy, or Self-Approbation, but the Consciousness of having performed our Duty well in that Station, which it has pleased the Divine Providence to assign to us. The Glory of Virtue is solid and eternal: All other Fame must fade away soon, like a thin painted Cloud, on which the casual glance of some faint beams of light has imprinted their weak and transient Colours.



DIALOGUE XI.

TITUS VESPASIANUS.

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

TITUS.

NO — Scipio: I can't give Place to you in this. — In other respects I acknowledge myself your Inferior, though I was Emperor of Rome and you only her Consul. I think your Triumph over Carthage more glorious than mine over Judæa: but in the Triumph I gained over Love I must feel myself superior to you, though your Continnence and Generosity with regard to the fair Celtiberian, your Captive, has been celebrated so highly.

SCIPIO.

Fame has been then unjust to your Merit: for my Action has made much more
Noise

Noise in the World, and been the favourite topic of Eloquence in every Age and every Country.

TITUS.

It has: — and in particular your great Historian Livy has poured forth all the Ornaments of his admirable Rhetoric to embellish and dignify that Part of your Story. I had a great Historian too, Cornelius Tacitus; but either from the Brevity which he affected in his manner of writing, or from the Severity of his nature, which, never having felt the Passion of Love, thought the subduing of it too easy a Victory to deserve great encomiums, he has bestowed but three Lines upon my Parting with Berenicé, which cost me more pain, and greater efforts of Mind, than all the Toils of the Jewish War.

SCIPIO.

I wish to hear from yourself the History of that Parting, and what made it so hard and painful to you.

TITUS.

While I served in Palestine under the Auspices of my Father, Vespasian, I became

G

acquainted

acquainted with Berenicé, sister to king Agrippa, and who was herself a Queen in those Countries. She was the most beautiful Woman in Asia; but she had Graces more charming still than her Beauty. She had all the Insinuation and Wit of Cleopatra, without her Coquetry. I loved her, and was beloved: she loved my Person, not my Greatness. Her Tendernefs, her Fidelity, so inflamed my Passion for her, and she seemed so worthy of my Esteem, that I gave her a Promise of Marriage.

S C I P I O.

What do I hear? A Roman Senator promise to marry a Queen!

T I T U S.

I expected, Scipio, that your Ears would be shocked with the Sound of such an Alliance. But consider that Rome in my time was very different from Rome in your's. The Republic was in reality changed to a Monarchy. Our Emperors had not indeed the title of King, but they had the Power. The ferocious Pride of our ancient Republican Senators had bent itself to the obsequious Complaisance of a Court. Why should I suppose that in this Point alone
it

it would continue inflexible? I flattered myself that the Charms of Berenicé, and still more her Virtues, would overcome an old Prejudice, which seemed no longer founded in reason, and dispose my Country to approve, at least not condemn, the Choice I had made. In this Hope I continued, and so did Berenicé, till the death of my Father. Upon that Event the Roman Empire, and (what she valued more) *my Hand* was due to her by my Engagements.

S C I P I O.

The Roman Empire due to a Syrian Queen! Oh Rome, how art thou fallen! Accursed be the Name of Octavius Cæsar, who by oppressing its Liberty so lowered the Majesty of the Republic, that such a Thought could come into the mind of a brave and a virtuous Roman, nay, of one of the best of those Emperors that have governed the Romans since the change of their Constitution. But did you find the Senate and People so servile, so lost to all Sense of their Honour and Dignity, as to comply with your Passion, and to affront the great Genius of Rome, and the Eyes of her tutelary Gods, the Eyes of Jupiter

Capitolinus, with the sight of a Queen, an Asiatic Queen, on the Throne of the Cæsars ?

T I T U S.

I did not ; — they judged of it as you, Scipio, judge ; they abhorred, they disdained it. In vain did I urge to some of my Friends, who represented to me the Sense of the Senate and People, that a Messalina, a Poppæa, dishonoured the Throne of the Cæsars much more than a virtuous foreign Princess. Their Prejudices were unconquerable ; I saw it was impossible for me to remove them. But I might have used my Authority to silence their Murmurs. A liberal Donative to the Soldiers, by whom I was loved with the fondest Affection, would have secured to me their Fidelity, and forced the Senate and People to yield to my Inclination. Berenicé knew this, and with floods of tears, more resistless still than her Smiles, implored me not to sacrifice her Happiness and my own to an unjust Prepossession. Shall I own it to you, Africanus ? My Heart not only pitied, but acknowledged the weight and the truth of her Reasons. Yet so much did I abhor the Idea of Tyranny, so much respect did I pay

pay to the Sentiments of my Subjects, that I determined to separate myself from her for ever, rather than force either the Laws or the Prejudices of Rome to yield to my Will.

SCIPIO.

Give me thy hand, noble Titus. Thou wast worthy of the Empire; and Scipio Africanus honours thy Virtue.

TITUS.

My Virtue can have no greater Reward. But, O Scipio, think what my Heart must have felt, when I took that Resolution, and when I communicated it to my dear, my unhappy Berenicé. You saw the struggle of Masinissa, when you forced him to give up his beloved Sophonisba. Mine was a harder Conflict. She had abandoned him to marry the King of Numidia. He knew that her ruling Passion was Ambition, not Love. He could not esteem her, when she quitted a Husband, whom she had ruined, who had lost his Crown and his Liberty in the cause of her Country, and for her sake, to give her Person to Him, the capital Foe of that wretched Husband. He must, in spite of his Passion,

have thought her a false, detestable Woman. But I esteemed Berenicé : she deserved my Esteem. I knew she would not have accepted the Empire from any other hand. Had I been a private Man, she would have raised me to her Bed and her Throne. Yet I had the Strength, I almost could say, the *Hardness* of Heart, to tell her, I could not fulfil my Engagement ; to bid her depart from Rome, from my sight ; depart for ever ! What was your Conquest over yourself in giving back to her betrothed Lover the Celtiberian Captive, compared to this ? Indeed *that* was no Conquest. I will not dishonour the Virtue of Scipio so much as to think, that he felt any struggle with himself when he did it. A Woman engaged to another, engaged by Affection as well as by Vows, let her have been ever so beautiful, could raise in your Heart no Sentiments but Compassion and Friendship. To have violated her would have been an Act of Brutality, which none but a Tarquin could have committed. To have detained her would have been cruel. But where Love is mutual, where the Object beloved suffers more in the Parting than you do yourself, to Part with *her* is

is a Struggle indeed! It is the hardest Sacrifice a good Heart can make to its Duty.

SCIPIO.

I acknowledge it is, and yield you the Palm. But I will own to you, Titus, I never knew much of the Tenderness you describe. Hannibal, Carthage, Rome, the Saving of my Country, the Subduing of its Rival, these filled my thoughts, and left no room there for those softer Passions, I liked Women as Amusements: but they never engaged my serious Attention. I do not blame your Sensibility; but, when I used to go to the Capitol *to talk with J O V E*, I never consulted him about *Love-Affairs*.

TITUS.

If Ambition alone had governed my Soul, as I believe it did your's, I might have been a greater, but I should not have been a more virtuous Man, nor have deserved to be called *the Delight of Humankind*.

DIALOGUE



DIALOGUE XII.

HENRY Duke of GUISE.

MACHIAVEL.

GUISE.

AVAUNT! thou Fiend — I abhor thy Sight. — I look upon Thee as the cause of my Death, and of all the Calamities brought upon the French Nation, in the most cruel and bloody of all Civil Wars.

MACHIAVEL.

I the cause of your Death! You surprize me!

GUISE.

Yes: — Your pernicious Maxims of Policy, imported from Florence with Catherine of Medicis, your wicked Disciple, produced in France such a Government, such Diffimulation, such Perfidy, such violent, ruthless

less and sanguinary Counsels, as threw that whole Kingdom into the utmost Confusion, and ended my Life by the Swords of Assassins.

MACHIAVEL.

Whoever may have a right to complain of my Policy, you, Sir, have not. You owed your Greatness to it, and your deviating from it was the cause of your Death. Hear how I make out both these Propositions. If it had not been for the Affaffination of Admiral Coligni and the Massacre of the Huguenots, the Strength and Power which that Party would have gained under the conduct of so able a Chief after the Death of your Father, its most dangerous Enemy, would have been fatal to your Greatness: nor could you, even with the Advantage you drew from that *great stroke of Royal Policy*, have acquired the Power you afterwards rose to in the Kingdom of France, but by pursuing my Maxims; by availing yourself of the name of Religion to serve the dark Purposes of your Ambition; and by suffering no Restraint of Conscience or Fear, not even the Guilt of exciting a Civil War, to stop you in the way to Dominion and Glory. Thus far was well, and you followed

followed my Lessons, like a Great Man. But here you failed by not rightly observing those Lessons: On the Day of the *Barri-
cades* you suffered the King to escape out of Paris, of which you were Master, and when it was in your power to have slain or deposed him. This was against the great Rule of my Politics, not to stop short in Rebellion or Treason till the Work is compleated. And you were justly censured for it by Pope Sixtus Quintus, a wise Politician, who said, you ought to have known that when a Subject draws his Sword against his King he should throw away the Scabbard. Your next Fault was another Deviation from my Rules, by putting yourself in the Power of a Sovereign you had so much offended. Why would you, against all the Cautions I gave, expose your Life in the Castle of Blois to the Mercy of Henry? What Mercy could you hope from him, but such as you found? Impute your death therefore, not to my Maxims, but to your own Folly in acting against them.

G U I S E.

If neither I, nor Charles the Ninth, nor Henry the Third, had ever practised your
Maxims

Maxims at all, they would have reigned with Honour and Peace, and I should have risen by my Courage and Talents to as much Greatness as it befitted a Subject to seek. But you led us on into those crooked Paths, out of which there was no Retreat without Danger, nor a Possibility of advancing without being execrable to all Mankind: and *whoever is so has all things to fear from that Detestation.* I will give you a Proof of this in the fate of a Prince, who ought to be your Hero; because, of all Men that ever lived, he acted most steadily, according to the Rules which you have laid down, and was a much greater Man than Cæsar Borgia, on whose conduct you have bestowed such Encomiums; I mean Richard the Third, King of England. He stopped at no Crime that could be of Use to him: He was a Dissembler, a Hypocrite, a Murderer in cool blood: He gained the Crown by cutting off all that stood in his way without Remorse or Compassion. He trusted no body farther than helped his own Ends, and was consistent with his own Safety. He liberally rewarded all Services done him, but would not let the Remembrance of them atone for Offences, or save any Man who obstructed his Views. Nevertheless,

less, though his nature shrunk from no Wickedness which could serve his Ambition, he exercised in the highest degree all those Virtues, both real and feigned, which you recommend to the Practice of *your Prince*. He was courageous and prudent in War, in Government just, strict in the Execution of the Laws, and most careful, by an attentive and vigorous Administration, to protect the People against any Injuries or Oppressions. In all his Actions and Words there appeared the highest Concern for the Honour of the Nation. He was neither greedy of other Mens Wealth, nor profuse of his own: but knew how to *give* as well as to *save*. He professed a most edifying Sense of Religion, pretended great Zeal for the Reformation of Manners, and was really temperate, sober, and chaste. Nor did he shed any Blood, but of those who were Obstacles to his Ambition, and such Obstacles, as he thought could not be removed by any other Means. This was a Prince quite *after your Heart*: yet, mark his End. The Detestation and Horror his Crimes had excited in the minds of his Subjects were so fatal to him, that they enabled an *Exile*, who had no colourable Right to the Crown, and

and whose Talents were much inferior to his, to invade his Realm and destroy him.

MACHIAVEL.

This Example, I own, seems to be of some Weight against the Truth of my System. But at the same time it shews, that there was nothing so new in the Doctrines I published, as to give any reason to charge me with the Mischiefs a Kingdom may suffer from crimes committed in it by Men of an unquiet and daring Ambition. Human Nature is wicked without any teaching. In Courts more especially there has been, in all Ages, a Policy practised, not less repugnant than mine to the Laws of Humanity and Religion. Great Politicians are seldom Saints. Why am I singled out as worse than the rest?

GUISE.

There have been, in all times and all states, many wicked and impious Politicians. But Thou art the First that ever has *taught the Science of Tyranny*, reduced it to Rules, and instructed Men how to acquire and secure it, by Treachery, Perjuries, Assassinations, and with a particular Caution, not to be stopped by any check of
the

the Conscience or of the Heart, in the course of their Crimes; but to push them as far as may be necessary or conducive to their Greatness and Safety; tho' it should carry them ever such horrible Lengths. It is this which has given thee a Pre-eminence in Guilt over all other Statesmen.

M A C H I A V E L.

If you had read my book with due care, you would have found that I reasoned upon Things *as they were*, and not *as they ought to be*: that I did not desire to make Men Usurpers, or Rebels, or Tyrants, but only shewed, if they were so, what conduct it would be expedient for them to observe.

G U I S E.

When you were a Minister of State in Florence, if any Man had published a Book, to instruct his Countrymen in the Art of Poisoning, and how to do it with the most certain Destruction to others and Security to themselves, would you have allowed him to plead in his Justification, that he did not desire Men to poison their Neighbours; but, if they would take such evil Methods of mending their fortunes, there could be no Harm in letting them know,

know, what were the most effectual Poisons, and by what ways they might give them without being discovered? Would you have thought it a sufficient Apology for him, that he had dropped in his Preface, or here and there in his Book, an Exhortation against the committing of Murder? Without all Doubt, as a Magistrate concerned for the Safety of the People of Florence and all Mankind, you would have punished the Wretch with the utmost Severity, and taken great care to destroy every copy of so pernicious a Book. Yet your own admired Work contains a more baneful and more hellish Art. It poisons States and Kingdoms, and spreads its Malignity, like a general Pestilence, over the World.

MACHIAVEL.

You must acknowledge at least, that my Discourses on Livy are full of wise and virtuous Maxims and Precepts of Government.

GUISE.

I do confess it; but This, I think, rather aggravates, than lessens your Guilt. How could you study and comment on Livy with such an acute and profound Understanding,

H

and

and afterwards write a Book so extreamly repugnant to all the Lessons of Policy taught by that sage and moral Historian? How could you, who had seen the Picture of Virtue so amiably drawn by his masterly Hand, and who seemed to be sensible yourself of its Charms, fall in love with a *Fury*, and set up her foul Image, as an Object of Worship to Princes and Kings?

M A C H I A V E L.

I was seduced by my Vanity. — My Heart was formed to love Virtue. But I wanted to be thought *a greater Genius in Politics* than all who had writ on that Subject before. Vanity, Sir, is in Authors a Passion as strong as Ambition in Princes, or rather it is the same Passion exerting itself in a different way. I was *a Duke of Guise* in the Republic of Letters. But my Guilt is, I own, more enormous than your's, because the bad influences of it reach farther, and will be more lasting.

G U I S E.

You have indeed made too many Disciples, as well before the times when I lived, as during almost two centuries which have now past since your Maxims occasioned my
3
Murder

Murder at Blois. But your Credit is sinking at present in Europe. I have been told by some Shades arrived lately here, that a King, with whose Fame all Europe resounds, has answered your Book, and confuted your Doctrines, with a most noble Air of Scorn and Abhorrence. I am also assured, that in England there is a Great and Good King, *whose whole Life has been a continued Opposition to your evil System;* who has hated all Cruelty, all Fraud, all Diffimulation; whose Word has been sacred, whose Honour inviolate; who has made the Laws of his Kingdom the Rules of his Government, and Good Faith and a Regard for the Liberty of Mankind the Principles of his Conduct to foreign Powers; who reigns more absolutely now in the Hearts of his People, and does greater Things by the Confidence they place in him, and by the Efforts they make from the Zeal of Affection, than any Prince ever did, or ever will do, by all the Arts of Iniquity you recommended.



D I A L O G U E XIII.

V I R G I L. H O R A C E.

M E R C U R Y. S C A L I G E R the Elder.

V I R G I L.

MY dear Horace, your Company is my greatest Delight, even in the Elysian Fields. No wonder it was so when we conversed together in Rome. Never had Man so genteel, so agreeable, so easy a Wit, with a Temper so social, so gay, so good-humoured. And then such Integrity, such Fidelity, such Generosity in your nature! A Soul so free from all Envy, so benevolent, so sincere, so placable in its Anger, so warm and so constant in its Affections! You were as necessary to Mæcenas, as he to Augustus. Your Conversation sweetened to him all the cares and fatigues of his public Life: Your Gaiety
cheared

cheared his drooping Spirits ; and your Counsels assisted him when he wanted Advice. For you were capable, my dear Horace, of counselling Statesmen. Your Sagacity, your Discretion, your Secrecy, your clear Judgment in all Affairs, recommended you to the Confidence, not of Mæcenas alone, but of Augustus himself, in no small degree ; which you nobly made use of to serve your old Friends of the Republican Party, and to confirm both the Minister and the Prince in their Love of mild and moderate Measures of Government, yet with a severe Restraint of Licentiousness, the most dangerous Enemy to the whole Commonwealth.

H O R A C E.

To be so praised by Virgil would have put me in Elysium, while I was alive. — And I will own (though Human Vanity is not so predominant here in our Hearts) it adds to my Happiness that my Conduct and Character continue to be thought by you not unworthy of your Approbation. Your own were as perfect as your *Poems* themselves, that is, as near to Perfection as Human Nature will admit of ; though your

Modesty made you think they still wanted Correction.

V I R G I L.

Don't talk of my Modesty. — How much greater was your's, when you disclaimed the name of a Poet, and would allow it to none but to Varius and Me; you whose Odes are so noble, so harmonious, so sublime!

H O R A C E.

I felt myself too inferior to the Dignity of that Name.

V I R G I L.

I think you did like Augustus, when he declined the Title of King, but kept all the Majesty and Power with which it was ever attended. Even in your Epistles and Satires, where the Poet was hid, as much as he could be, you may well be compared to a Prince in Disguise, or in his Hours of Familiarity with his intimate Friends: the Pomp and State were let drop, but the Greatness remained.

H O R A C E.

H O R A C E.

Well : — I will not contradict you ; and (to say the Truth) I should do it with a worse Grace, because in some of my Odes I have not been so modest in speaking of my own Poetry, as in my Epistles. But to make you know your Pre-eminence over me and all Writers of Latin Verse, I will carry you to Quintilian, the best of all Roman Critics, who will tell you in what Rank you ought to be placed. I hope you will not pretend to dispute his Opinion.

V I R G I L.

Quintilian is indeed an excellent Critic, and seems as much to delight in giving Praise to all Merit, as others, who usurp that respectable name, in Abuse and Detraction. — But who is this Shade that Mercury seems to be bringing this way ? I never saw one that stalked with such Pride, or had so much Arrogance expressed in his looks !

H O R A C E.

They come towards us :—Hail, Mercury ! — What is this Ghost whom you are

H 4

conduct-

D I A L O G U E S

conducting? Has he any Commands for Virgil or Me?

M E R C U R Y.

He is one that has made very free with you both. His Name is Julius Cæsar Scaliger, and he is by Profession a *Critic*.

H O R A C E.

Julius Cæsar Scaliger! He was, I presume, a *Dictator* in Criticism. For my Part, I will not pretend to oppose his sovereign Power. I had enough of following Brutus at Philippi. Don't think I'll get into any new Quarrels here!

M E R C U R Y.

Talk to him a little: — He'll entertain you. I brought him to you on purpose.

H O R A C E.

Virgil, do you accost him: — I can't do it gravely: I shall laugh in his face.

V I R G I L.

Sir, may I presume to ask why you wear that Frown on your Brow, and cast your Eyes so superciliously upon Horace and Me? I don't remember that Augustus ever
looked

looked down upon us with such an Air of Superiority, when we were his Subjects.

SCALIGER.

He was only a Sovereign over your Bodies, and owed his Power to Violence and Usurpation. But I have from Nature an absolute Empire over the Wit of all Authors, who are subjected to me as the greatest of Critics or *Hypercritics*.

VIRGIL.

Your Jurisdiction is very extensive: —
And what Judgments have you been pleased to pass upon Us?

SCALIGER.

You pretend to be ignorant of my Decrees! but they are too well known in the other World not to have been reported to you here. As for you, Horace, I will tell you thus far; because it will please you. I have said, *that I had rather have writ the little Dialogue between you and Lydia, than have been made King of Arragon.*

HORACE.

If I were alive, you should give me the Kingdom, and take both the Ode and the
Girl

Girl in return. But did you always pronounce so favourably for us ?

S C A L I G E R.

No : — I was not such a Blockhead. — I have taken both you and Virgil to task in several Places of my most famous Work. Send for it, and read it. — Mercury will bring it to you with the first learned Ghost that arrives here from Europe. There is Instruction for you in it. I don't flatter you, Gentlemen. — But it was my Whim to commend that little Ode ; and I never do things by Halves. When I give Praise, it is with a liberal Hand, to shew my Royal Magnificence. But I generally blame, to exert all the Vigour of my *Censorian Power*, and keep my Subjects in Awe.

H O R A C E.

You did not confine your Empire to Poets ; you exercised it, no doubt, over all other Writers.

S C A L I G E R.

I was a Divine, a Philosopher, a Statesman, an Orator, an Historian, a Poet, without doing the Drudgery of any of these,

these, but only by censuring those who did, and shewing thereby the Superiority I had over them all in their several Talents,

H O R A C E.

A short way indeed to universal Fame !
And I suppose you were very peremptory
in your Decisions.

S C A L I G E R.

Peremptory ! Ay. — If any Man dared
to contradict my Opinions, I called him a
Dunce, a Rascal, a Villain, and frightened
the fellow out of his Wits.

V I R G I L.

But what said the rest of Mankind to
this Method of Disputation ?

S C A L I G E R.

They generally believed me because of
the confidence of my Assertions ; and
thought I could not be so insolent, or so
angry, if I was not very sure of being in
the Right. Besides, in my Controversies,
I had a great help from the Language I
wrote in : For one can scold and call names
with

with a much better Grace in Latin than French, or any tame, modern tongue.

H O R A C E.

Have not I heard, that you pretended to derive your Descent from the Princes of Verona?

S C A L I G E R.

Pretended ! do you pretend to deny it?

H O R A C E.

Not I indeed : — Genealogy is not my Science. If you should claim to descend from King Midas, I would not dispute it.

V I R G I L.

I wonder, Scaliger, that you stooped to so low an Ambition. Was it not greater to reign over all Mount Parnassus than over a petty Italian State ?

S C A L I G E R.

You say well. — I must own I was there in an Error, and condescended too much to vulgar Opinion. The ignorant Multitude think that a *Prince* is a greater Man than a *Critic*. Their Folly made me

desire to claim Kindred with the *Scalas* of Verona.

H O R A C E.

Pray, Mercury, how do you mean to dispose of this August Person? You can't think it proper to leave him with Us. — He must be placed with the Demigods; he must go to Olympus.

M E R C U R Y.

Be not afraid. — I don't intend he shall trouble you long. I brought him hither to shew you a Creature you never had seen, and to divert myself with your Surprise. Whatever thoughts you may have of him, he is the Chief of all modern Critics, the most renowned Captain of that dreadful Band. And before he went mad, he had, I assure you, good Parts, and great Learning. But I will now explain to you the original Cause of the Absurdities he has uttered. His Mind was formed, like some Perspective Glasses, in such a manner, that it either diminished or magnified all Objects too much; but above all others it magnified him to himself. This made him so proud that it quite turned his
Brain.

Brain. Now I have had my Sport with him, I think it will be an Act of Charity in me to restore him to his Senses; or rather to give what Nature denied him, a rational Judgment. You shall see what a Change I will work in him at once. — Come hither, Scaliger. — By this Touch I give thee Power to see Things as they are, and among others thyself. — Look, Gentlemen, how his Countenance is fallen in a moment! Hear what he says: — He is talking to himself.

S C A L I G E R.

Bless me! with what Persons have I been discoursing! With Virgil and Horace! How durst I open my lips in their Presence? How could I presume to appear in their Sight? For what am I? A Head stuffed with a Lumber of Learning, a little petulant Wit, and no Sense.— Good Mercury, I beseech you, let me retire from a Company, for which I know I am very unfit. Let me go and hide my head in the deepest shade of that Grove which I see in the Valley. When I have performed a Quarantine there, I will crawl on my knees to the feet of those great and illustrious

illustrious Shades whom I have offended,
and beg them to see me burn my imperti-
nent books of Criticism, in the fiery bil-
lows of Phlegethon, with my own Hands.

MERCURY.

Go, and do Penance. Thou mayest
then scape the Judgment of Minos. This
Mortification of knowing thyself is Dam-
nation sufficient to atone for thy Arrogance
in the other World.



DIALOGUE



DIALOGUE XIV.

BOILEAU. ——— POPE.

BOILEAU.

MR. Pope, you have done me great Honour. I am told, that you made me your Model in Poetry, and walked on Parnassus in the same Paths which I had trod.

POPE.

We both followed Horace: but in our manner of Imitation, and in the turn of our natural Genius, there was I believe a great deal of Resemblance, which I am proud that others observe. Our Tempers too were the same in many respects. They were both very warm with the Love of good Morals, true Wit, and sound Learning, and fond of the Glory of our being their Champions.

Champions. But they were too irritable, and too easily hurt by Offences, even from the lowest of Men. We turned the keen Edge of our Wit against those whom it was more a Shame to contend with than an Honour to vanquish. Yet our Muse was not always severe and ill-humoured. She could smile on our Friends, and understood how to praise as well as to blame.

BOILEAU.

It would perhaps have been better if in some instances we had neither praised nor blamed so much. But in Panegyric and Satire Moderation is thought to be flat and insipid.

POPE.

Moderation is a cold *unpoetical* Virtue. Mere Historical Truth should be written in Prose. And therefore I think you did very well to burn your *History of Louis le Grand*, and trust his fame, and your own, to your Poems.

BOILEAU.

When those Poems were written he was the Idol of the French Nation as much as mine. If You and I had not known how

to speak to the Passions, as well as to the sober Sense of Mankind, we should not have been the favourite Authors of the French and the English, nor have acquired that kind of despotic Authority in the Empire of Wit, which we both held as long as we lived.

P O P E.

The Praise which My Friends had from me was *unbought*. In *this*, at least, I may boast a Superiority over the *pensioned Boileau*.

B O I L E A U.

A *Pension* in France was an honourable Distinction. Had you been a Frenchman you would have sought it; had I been an Englishman I should have declined it. If our Merit in other respects be the same, *this* will not make a great Difference in it.

P O P E.

It is not for me to draw a Comparison between our Works. But, if I may believe the best Critics with whom I have talked, my *Rape of the Lock* is not inferior to your *Lutrin*; and my *Art of Criticism* may well be compared with your *Art*
of

of Poetry: my *Ethic Epistles* are thought at least to be equal to your's, and my *Satires* much better.

BOILEAU.

Hold, Mr. Pope. — If there really is such a Sympathy in our Natures as you have supposed, there may be reason to fear, that, if we go on comparing our Works, we shall not part in good Friendship.

POPE.

No, no: — the mild Air of the Elyfian Fields has softened my temper, as I presume it has your's. But in truth our reputations are nearly on a Level. We both of us carried the Beauty of our *Diſtion*, and the Harmony of our *Numbers*, to the highest Perfection that our Languages would admit. Our Poems were laboured and polished to the utmost degree of Correctness, yet without losing their Fire, or the pleasing Appearance of Freedom and Ease. The Spirit of the Ancients seemed to animate all of them; and we both borrowed much from those excellent Masters; though You perhaps more than I: but our Imitations had still an Original Air.

BOILEAU.

I will confess, Sir, (to shew you that the Elyfian Climate has had its proper ef-

fects upon me) I will fairly confess, without any ill humour, that in your *Temple of Fame*, your *Windsor Forest*, your *Eloisa to Abelard*, and some other Pieces you wrote in your Youth, there is more Imagination, more Sweetness, more Fire of Poetry, than in any of mine. I will also allow, that you hit the *Manner* of Horace, and *the sly Delicacy* of his Wit more exactly than I, or than any other Man who has writ since his time. Nor could I, nor did even Lucretius himself, make *Philosophy* so poetical, or embellish it with such charms, as you have, Mr. Pope, in your *Essay on Man*.

P O P E.

What do you think of my *Homer*?

B O I L E A U.

Your *Homer* is the most spirited, the most poetical, the most elegant, the most pleasing Translation, that ever was made of any ancient Poem; tho' not so much in the *manner* of the Original, or so exact to the Sense in all Places, as might be desired. But when I consider the Years you spent in this Work, and how many fine original Poems you might with less difficulty have produced in that time, I can't but regret that you
should

should have employed your Talents in a way, wherein their full Energy could not be seen. A great Poet, tied down to a tedious Translation, is *a Columbus chained to an Oar*. What new Regions of Fancy might you have explored, if you could have freely expanded your Sails, and steered your own Course, under the conduct of your own Genius! — But I am still more angry with you for your Edition of Shakespear. The Work of an *Editor* was below you, and your mind was unfit for the Drudgery of it. Would any body think of employing a Raphael to clean an old Picture? How could you, Sir, undertake such a Task?

P O P E.

The principal Cause of it was my great Zeal for the Honour of Shakespear: and, if you knew all his beauties as well as I, you would not be surprized at that Zeal. No other Author had ever so copious, so bold, so *creative* an Imagination, with so perfect a Knowledge of the Passions, the Humours, and Sentiments of Mankind. He painted all Characters, from Heroes and Kings, down to Innkeepers and Peasants,

fants, with equal Truth and equal Force. If Human Nature was quite destroyed, and no Monument left of it except his Works, other Beings might know *what Man was* from those Writings.

B O I L E A U.

Your Account of him is just: and, tho' I find the most shocking Absurdities in his Plays; Absurdities which no Critic of my Nation can pardon, yet I admire him as a Prodigy of Genius and Parts.

P O P E.

You would admire him still more, if you could have the pleasure to see the chief Characters in all his best Plays represented by an Actor, who appeared on the Stage a little before I left the World. He has shewn the English Nation more Excellencies in Shakespear, than ever the quickest Wits could discern, and has imprinted them on the Heart with a livelier Sense, than the most sensible natures could feel, without his Help.

B O I L E A U.

The Variety, Spirit, and Force of his Action have been much praised to me by
many

many of his Countrymen, whose Shades I converse with, and who all speak of him as we do of *Baron*, our most admired Actor. I have also heard of another, who has now left the Stage, but who filled, with great Dignity, Force, and Elevation, some Tragic Parts; and excelled so much in the Comic, that none ever has gained a higher Applause.

P O P E.

He was indeed a most perfect Comedian. In the part of *Falstaff* particularly, wherein the utmost force of Shakespear's *Humour* appears, he attained to such Perfection, that he was not an *Actor*; he was the Man described by Shakespear; he was *Falstaff* himself!

B O I L E A U.

That Character is not well understood by the French. Some of our Critics suppose it belongs, not to Comedy, but to Farce: whereas the English see in it the finest and highest Strokes of natural Humour. Nature perhaps may vary so much in different Countries, particularly with regard to *humourous* Characters, as to account for these different Judgments. But don't

you allow, Mr. Pope, that our Tragic and Comic Writers are, upon the whole, more perfect than your's? If you deny it, I think I will appeal to the Athenians, the only Judges who are qualified to decide the Dispute. I will refer it to Euripides, Sophocles, and Menander.

P O P E.

I am afraid of those Judges: for I see them continually walking hand in hand, and engaged in the most friendly Discourse with Corneille, Racine, and Moliere. Our Dramatic Writers seem not so fond of their company: they sometimes shove rudely by them, and give themselves Airs of Superiority. They slight their Reprimands, and laugh at their Precepts. In short, they will be tried by *their Country* alone; and that Judicature is partial.

B O I L E A U.

Well; I will press this Question no farther. — But this let me ask you; Which do you prefer, Racine, or Corneille?

P O P E.

The *Athalia* of Racine is in my Judgment equal to the sublimest Plays of Corneille,

neille, and the tender Passions are certainly touched by that elegant and most pathetic Writer, with a much finer hand. He is also by far more correct than the other, and more harmonious and noble in his Versification.

BOILEAU.

The particular Friendship I had with Racine, and my Partiality for his Writings, make me hear with great pleasure the Preference given to him above Corneille by so judicious a Critic as You.

POPE.

My Opinion is not so decisive in favour of him as you suppose. That he excelled his Competitor in the Points I have mentioned can't I think be denied. But the Spirit and Majesty of ancient Rome were never so well and truly expressed as they are by Corneille. Nor has any French Writer such a masculine Strength and Greatness of Thought. — Racine is the Swan described by ancient Poets, which rises on downy Wings to the Clouds, and sings a sweet, but a gentle and plaintive Note. Corneille is the Eagle, which soars to the Skies on bold and sounding Pinions, and fears not
to

to perch on the Scepter of Jupiter, or to bear in his Pounces the Lightning of the Gods.

B O I L E A U.

I am glad to find, Mr. Pope, that in praising Corneille you run into Poetry, which is not the language of *sober Criticism*, though I own it is sometimes used by Longinus.

P O P E.

I caught the Fire from the Idea of Corneille: — But let me now, in my turn, desire your Opinion of our Epic Poet, Milton.

B O I L E A U.

Longinus perhaps would prefer him to all other Writers: for he excells even Homer in the *Sublime*. But other Critics, who require Variety, and Agreeableness, and a correct Regularity of Thought and Design in an Epic Poem; who can endure no Absurdities, no extravagant Fictions, would place him far below Virgil.

P O P E.

His Genius was indeed so vast and sublime, that his Work seems beyond the

the Limits of Criticism; as his Subject is beyond the Limits of Nature. The bright and excessive Blaze of poetical Fire, which shines in so many Parts of his Poem, will hardly permit one to see its Faults. But that it has Faults, and great ones too, cannot be denied.

BOILEAU.

The Taste of your Countrymen is very much changed since the days of Charles the Second, when Dryden was thought a greater Poet than Milton!

POPE.

The Politics of Milton at that time brought his Poetry into disgrace: for it is a rule with the English; they never will see any Good in a Man whose Politics they dislike. But, as their Notions of Government are subject to Change, Men of Parts have their turn of being admired, after having been slighted; and those who had before been in Vogue are despised. This happened to Dryden as well as to Milton. He lived to see his Writings, together with his Politics, quite out of Fashion. But, even in the days of his highest Prosperity, when the Generality of the
People

People admired his *Almanzor*, and thought his *Indian Emperor* the perfection of Tragedy, the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Rochester, the two wittiest Noblemen our Country has produced, attacked his Fame, and turned the Rants of his Heroes, the Jargon of his Spirits, and the Absurdity of his Plots, into just Ridicule.

B O I L E A U.

You have made him Amends by the Praise you have given him in some of your Writings.

P O P E.

I owed him that Praise, as my Master in the Art of Versification. Yet I will freely subscribe to the Censures which have been passed on many of his Works. I will deliver him up to the Critics to be mangled and torn by them as much as they please. But when they have pulled off every part of him which is not too hard for their Teeth, there will remain still enough to make a great Poet. You, Sir, I am sure, will particularly admire him as an excellent Satirist. His *Absalom and Achitophel*, and his *Mac Fleckno*, are Masterpieces, in that way of Writing. But his

Muse had endowed him with various Powers. His Ode on the Feast of Alexander is perhaps the most perfect of all Lyric Poems that modern times have produced. His *Tales*, though composed in a very old Age, and though some of the Subjects are not well chosen, have great Spirit and a rich Vein of Poetry in them. Even the worst of his Plays have very fine Verses *embroidered into them*; and the Duke of Buckingham must himself have approved the greatest part of his *Don Sebastian*, his *All for Love*, and his *Spanish Friar*. The most inexcusable Fault of his Comedies is the Immorality, Prophaneness, and Indecency in them: but I am sorry to say, all our Comic Writers, except Shakespear, Johnson, and Steel, have that Fault. Fletcher is shocking. Etheridge, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar have painted the Manners of the times when they wrote, with a Masterly Hand; but they are too often such Manners, that a virtuous Man, and much more a virtuous Woman, must be greatly offended at the Representation. In this respect the French Stage is far better than our's. *That* is indeed a School of Morality. Folly is laughed at; but Vice is exposed in most of
their

their Comedies to Contempt and to Hatred. No false colours are laid on, to conceal her Deformity, and make her appear an agreeable Object ; but those with which she paints herself are there taken off.

B O I L E A U.

I wish I could say, that some of our best Writers in other Ways had not been as guilty as your Comic Poets, of the heinous Offence of *debauching the Muses*. My Friend, La Fontaine, in some of his Tales, is as faulty in that, as he is admirable in other respects.

P O P E.

He has indeed been too wanton and sportive with Vice. But I agree with you in admiring the natural Spirit and Ease of his Wit, that *Simplicity* mixed with Elegance and Justness of Thought, which characterises his Genius, and makes it seem quite *original*, though all the *Matter* of his Writings is borrowed from others.

B O I L E A U.

I think you have a Writer not inferior to him in the best of his *Tales*, and who seems

seems to have copied his manner.—I mean Mr. Prior.

POPE.

There is much Resemblance in their manner: but there is also some Difference. Prior, I think, had more *Judgment*, La Fontaine more *Simplicity*. The former owed much to Art and Learning: the latter all to Nature. But Prior's Harp had more Strings to it than La Fontaine's. He was a fine Poet in many different ways: La Fontaine but in one.

BOILEAU.

There is a Writer of *Heroic Poetry*, who lived before Milton, and whom some of your Countrymen praise very highly; tho' he is little known in France. I see him sometimes with Homer and Virgil, but oftener with Tasso and Ariosto.

POPE.

I understand you mean *Spenser*. He had a great Poetical Genius. There is a Force and a Beauty in some of his *Images* and his *Descriptions*, equal to any in the best of those Writers you have seen him converse with. But he had not always
the

the Art of *Shading* his Pictures. He brings the minute and disagreeable Parts too much into light; and with many sublime and noble Ideas mingles too frequently vulgar and mean. His Poem is *Moral* and *Allegorical*: but the *Allegory*, being continued throughout the whole Work, fatigues the Mind: and as every Canto has a different Fable, and a different Heroe, there is no Passion to interest the Heart in *the Whole*, nor any permanent Object to fix the Attention. Had he chosen a Subject proper for *Epic Poetry*, he seems to have had Elevation and Strength in his Genius sufficient to make him *a great Epic Poet*: but now he can hardly be ranked in that Class.

B O I L E A U.

Who is the Poet but lately arrived in Elysium, whom I saw Spenser lead in, and present him to Virgil, as a Writer related to him in his *Georgics*? There was on his Head a Garland composed of the Flowers that blow in every Season, with Evergreens intermixed. But over it hung a Cloud, which sometimes obscured it, and would scarce let me see the face of the Poet!

P O P E.

P O P E.

By your Description it must be *Thomson*. He painted Nature exactly, and with great Strength of Pencil. His Imagination was rich, extensive, sublime: but his Diction was frequently *obscure* and *affected*. Nor did he know when to *stop*, or what to *reject*.

B O I L E A U.

I should suppose he wrote Tragedies upon the *Greek Model*. For he is often admitted into the Grove of Euripides, and seems to be in particular Favour with that great Tragic Poet.

P O P E.

He enjoys that Distinction both as a *Tragedian*, and as a *Moralist*. For, not only in his Plays, but all his other Works, there is an instructive *Morality*, rendered more touching, by the fine and delicate Sentiments of a most *tender* and *feeling Heart*.

B O I L E A U.

St. Evremond has brought me acquainted with Waller. — I was surprized to find in his Works a Politeness and Gallantry

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equal

equal to the most *gallant* of our Writers. Sarrazin and Voiture did not praise the Ladies, to whom they made court, more genteelly than he; and there is in his Verses a Spirit of Poetry not to be found in any of theirs. Some of his Lines upon Sachariffa are even *sublime*. In his comparison between himself and Apollo, as the Lover of Daphne, and in that between Amoret and Sachariffa, there is a *Finesse* and Beauty of Wit, that the most elegant and refined of our Writers have never exceeded. But his Epistle to Cromwell, and his Poem on the Death of that great, wicked Man, are writ with a Force and Greatness of Manner, which, though there are blemishes in them, give him a rank among the Poets of the first Class.

P O P E.

Mr. Waller was doubtless a very fine Writer. His Muse was as well qualified as the Graces themselves to dress out a Venus; and he could even adorn the brows of a Conqueror with the most fragrant and beautiful Wreaths. But he had some low and puerile thoughts, which unaccountably mixed with the elegant and the noble, like School-boys or Mob admitted
into

into a Palace. There was an Intemperance and a Wantonness in his Wit which he could not restrain. He wrote little to the Understanding, and less to the Heart; but he frequently charms the Imagination, and sometimes is able to strike it with flashes of the highest *Sublime*. — We had also in England another Poet of the same Age, extremely admired by all his Contemporaries, in whose Works there is still a greater Redundancy of Imagination, more Affectation of Wit, a worse Taste, and less Judgment: but he touched the Heart more, and had much finer Feelings. — I mean Mr. Cowley.

B O I L E A U.

I have been often solicited to admire his Writings, by his Friend, Dr. Spratt. He seems to me a great Wit, and a very good Man, but not a good Poet. Of late I hear he is sunk very much in the Opinion of the English. Yet I cannot but think, that if some of the Superfluities of his Wit were given by Apollo to some of their modern Bards, who write common-place Morals in very smooth Verse, without any Absurdity, but without one new Thought, or one lively Spark of Imagination,

gination, it would be a great Favour to them, and do them more Good, than all the Rules in my Art of Poetry, and your's of Criticism.

P O P E.

I am much of your mind. — But when I left the World, I left in England some Poets, whom you will admire, not only for the Harmony, and Correctness, but the Spirit, and Genius, which appear in their Writings. Fame will bring their Works to you when they are dead : but she seldom is fond of doing justice to the living.

B O I L E A U.

France too has produced some excellent Writers, who were not yet known at the time of my Death. — Of one particularly I hear Wonders. Fame to Him is as kind as if he had been dead a thousand Years. She brings his Praises to me from all Parts of Europe. — I dare say you guess that I speak of Voltaire.

P O P E.

I do, and esteem him a wonderful Genius. When the King of Prussia drew him
him

him from Paris to Berlin, he had a whole Academy of *Belles Lettres* in *Him* alone. But that Prince has himself such Talents for Poetry as no other Monarch has ever possessed. Voltaire has taught him his Art, and has left him his Lyre. It is amazing that, amidst the Tumult of Arms, a King so employed in the greatest Affairs, should touch that Lyre so sweetly, and draw from it Notes, which Alcæus or Horace would have heard with Delight. What an astonishing Compass and Force must there be in his Mind, what an Heroic Tranquillity and Firmness in his Heart, that he can, one day, compose an Ode or Epistle in the most elegant Verse, and the next, fight a Battle with the conduct and courage of a Gustavus Adolphus!

BOILEAU.

I envy Voltaire so noble a Subject both for his Verse and his Prose. But if that Prince will write his own *Commentaries*, he will want no Historian.

POPE.

Voltaire is, I hear, retired from Berlin to the Territory of Geneva. It does great

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Honour

Honour to Swifferland, but not much to France, that the *finest Wit* she has left to boast of should chuse a Country-House at the foot of the Alps, rather than Paris, or any Villa in the Neighbourhood of that City, for the Retreat of his Age.

B O I L E A U.

I am told that in France he did not use his Wit with so much Discretion as I did mine. And even his Exile, I fear, has not taught him enough to curb its Excesses. There is in most of his Writings a noble and Philosophical Freedom of Thought, which may be reckoned amongst their highest Perfections: but all Liberty has its Bounds; beyond which if it goes, it changes its Nature. Would to Heaven he would reflect, before he comes *hither*, that his Works will out-live him and do Good or Harm through several Ages; that many Nations will read them; and that the Judgment past *here* on the Writer himself will be according to the Design and Tendency of them, and to the extent of their good or evil Effects.

P O P E.

P O P E.

It would be well for all Europe, if other *Wits* of your country, who give the Tone to the present Age, had the same serious Thoughts that you wish to Voltaire. Witty Writings, directed to serve the good ends of Religion and Virtue, are like the Lights hung out in a *Pharos*, to guide the Mariners safe through dangerous Seas : But the Brightness of those, that are impious or immoral, shines only to betray, and lead Men to Destruction.

B O I L E A U.

Have your Countrymen lately had no such treacherous Guides ?

P O P E.

Too many ; and they have been followed too much : I speak it with Sorrow.— Would to G O D that both England and France may now learn, that true Wisdom is *Virtue*, and true Virtue *Religion*. False Philosophy will not then mislead and corrupt them.— I also could wish that a Taste for *the Frivolous* may not prevail too much in the French. They trifle agreeably ; but there is a great difference between gathering

Flowers at the foot of Parnassus, and climbing the arduous Heights of the Mountain. The last must be done by those who aspire to the Temple of Fame; and to do it requires both Labour and Strength. If the present Mode should prevail much longer in France, your Countrymen will be all too lazy or weak to attempt such an Enterprize. But I would have them continue the Rivals of the English in vigorous Wit and useful Learning. The Competition is good for both Nations. May they contend for the Palm of Genius and Science till the end of the World; and may that Contention be friendly, not hostile! There is nothing which so contracts and debases the Mind as National Envy. True Wit, like true Virtue, loves its own Image, in whatever Part of the Globe it is found.



DIALOGUE XV.

OCTAVIA — PORTIA — ARRIA.

PORTIA.

HOW has it happened, Octavia, that Arria and I, who have higher Places than you in the Temple of Fame, should have a lower here in Elysium? We are told, that the Virtues you shewed, as a Wife, were greater than our's. Be so good as to explain to us what were those Virtues. It is the Privilege of this happy Place, that one can bear Superiority without Mortification. The Jealousy of Precedence died with the rest of our Mortal Frailties. Tell us then your own Story. We will sit down in this Myrtle Grove, and listen to it with Pleasure.

OCTAVIA.

Noble Ladies, the Pride of our Sex and of Rome, I will not refuse to obey your
Commands,

Commands, though it recalls to my Mind some Scenes which my Heart would wish to forget. There can be but one reason why Minos should have given a Preference here to my conjugal Virtues ; and that is, that the Trial of them was harder than your's.

A R R I A.

What ! Madam ; harder than to die for your Husband ? We died for our's.

O C T A V I A.

You did, for Husbands who loved you, and were the most virtuous Men of the Ages they lived in ; who trusted you with their Lives, their Honour, their Fame. To outlive such Husbands is harder than to die *for* them, or *with* them. But Mark Antony, to whom my Brother, for reasons of State, gave my Hand, loved another, not me. And yet he has told me himself I was handsomer than his Cleopatra. Younger I certainly was ; and to Men *that* is generally a charm sufficient to turn the Scale in one's favour. I had been used to be loved : I was loved by Marcellus. Antony said he loved me, when he pledged to me his Faith. Perhaps he did for a time : a new handsome

handsome Woman might, from his natural Inconstancy, make him forget his former Attachment. He was but too amiable. — His very Vices had charms beyond other Mens Virtues. Such Spirit! such Fire! such a towering Pride! He seemed made to command; to govern the World; to govern it with such Ease, that the Weight of it did not rob him of an hour of Pleasure. And while his Inclination for me continued, this haughty Lord of Mankind, who could hardly bring his high Spirit to treat my Brother, his Partner in Empire, with proper respect, was as submissive to me, as obedient to every wish of my Heart, as the most humble Lover that ever sigh'd in the Vales of Arcadia. Thus he seduced my Affection from the Manes of Marcellus, and fixed it on himself. He fixed it, Ladies (I own it with Shame) more fondly than it had ever been fixed on Marcellus. And when he had done so, he scorned me, he left me, he returned to Cleopatra. Think who I was: — the sister of Cæsar, sacrificed to a vile Egyptian Queen, the Harlot of Julius, the Disgrace of her Sex. Every Outrage was added to incense me still more. He gave her, as public Marks of his Love, a great part of
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See Plu-
tarch's Life
of Antony.

the Empire of Rome in the East. He read her Love-letters openly in his Tribunal, even while he was judging the Causes of Kings. Nay he left his Tribunal, and one of the best Roman Orators pleading before him, to follow her Litter, in which she chanced to pass by at that time. But, what was more grievous to me than all these Demonstrations of his extravagant Passion, in a Letter he wrote to my Brother himself he had the Assurance to call her *his Wife*. Which of you, Ladies, could have borne this?

V. Suetoni-
um in Augu-
sto Cæsare.

A R R I A.

Not I, Madam, in truth. Had I been in your Place, the Dagger with which I pierced my own bosom, to shew my dear Pætus *how easy it was to die*, that Dagger should I have plunged into Antony's Heart, if Piety to the Gods, and Respect to the Purity of my own Soul, had not stopped my Hand. But, I believe, I should have killed myself; not, as I did, out of Love to my Husband, but out of Shame and Indignation at the Wrongs I endured.

P O R T I A.

P O R T I A.

I must own, Octavia, that to bear such a Treatment as Your's was harder to a Woman than *to swallow Fire*.

O C T A V I A.

Yet I did bear it, Madam, without a Complaint, which could hurt or offend the cruel Man. I used my utmost Endeavours to hinder my Brother from making War against him, on my account. Nay, more; at his return from his Parthian Expedition, which his Impatience to bear a long Absence from Cleopatra had made unfortunate and inglorious, I went to meet him in Syria, and carried with me magnificent Presents of Cloaths and Money for his Troops, a great number of Horses, and two thousand picked Soldiers, equipped and armed like my Brother's Prætorian Bands. He sent to stop me at Athens, because his Mistress was with him, and he was ashamed to see us together. I obeyed his commands: but I wrote to him, by one of his most faithful Friends, a Letter expressing great Resignation, and such a Tendernefs for him as I thought might have power to touch his Heart. My Envoy served me so well,

See Plu-
tarch's Life
of Antony.

See Plu-
tarch's Life
of Antony.

well, he set my Fidelity in such a light, and gave such reasons to Antony, why he ought to see and receive me with Kindness, that Cleopatra was extreamly alarmed. All her Arts were employed to prevent his seeing me, and to draw him again into Egypt. — Those Arts prevailed. He sent me back into Italy, and gave himself up more weakly than ever to the Witchcraft of that *Circé*. He added Africa to the States he had bestowed on her before, and declared Cæsario, her spurious Son by Julius Cæsar, Heir to all her Dominions, except Phœnicia, and Cilicia, which, with the Upper Syria, he gave to Ptolemy, his second Son by her; and at the same time declared his eldest Son by her, named Alexander, whom he had espoused to the Princess of Media, Heir to that Kingdom, and King of Armenia, nay, and of the whole Parthian Empire, which he proposed to conquer for *him*. The Children I had brought him he wholly neglected, as if they had been Bastards. I wept. — I lamented his Fate and my own; — but I never reproached him. My Brother, provoked at so many Indignities, commanded me to quit the House of my Husband at Rome, and come into his. — I refused

to obey him. — I continued in Antony's House, I persisted to take the same care of his Children by Fulvia as of my own. I gave all his Friends at Rome my Protection, and all the Assistance that was in my power. I implored my Brother not to make my Jealousy or my Wrongs the cause of a Civil War. But the Injuries done to the Empire and Rome by Antony's conduct could not be forgiven. When he found he should draw the Roman Arms on himself, he sent Orders to me to go out of his House. I did so, but carried with me all his Children by Fulvia, except Antyllus, the eldest, who was then with him in Egypt. After his Death and Cleopatra's, I took her Children by him, and bred them up with my own. I married her Daughter to Juba, King of Mauritania, the most accomplished and the handsomest Prince in the World. I raised Julius Antonius, the second Son of my Husband by his first Wife, to such a degree of Favour and Power, that, except Agrippa and the Sons of Livia, he saw none above him in the court of Augustus. In short, I did for Antony's Children, even those whom he had by Cleopatra, my Rival, all that Portia or Arria could have done for their Children
by

by Brutus and Thrasea, if they had survived them.

P O R T I A.

The Sentence of Minos was very just. I thank the Gods that my Virtue was not put to such Trials. Are not you, Arria, of the same mind?

A R R I A.

I am: — I confess her Superiority. — Yet let me ask her one Question. Tell me, Octavia, did not your Pride and Resentment entirely cure you of your Passion for Antony, as soon as you saw him go back to Cleopatra? And was not all your conduct after that time the effect of cool Reason, undisturbed by the Agitations of jealous, unhappy, and tortured Love?

O C T A V I A.

You probe my Heart very deeply. That I had some help from my Pride and Resentment, I will not deny. But I was not become *indifferent* to my Husband. His Idea was dear, too dear to me still. I loved the Antony, who had been my Lover and Friend, more than I was angry with the Antony, who forsook me, and loved another

another Woman. Had he left Cleopatra and returned to me again with his former Affection, I should have loved him as well as before.

ARRIA.

Madam, your Heart is the most perfect Model of conjugal Virtue. The Wound I gave mine was, I own, but a scratch, to many you suffered. But I don't know, whether it is not good for the World, that there are not in it many Octavias. It would too much encourage the Men to use their Wives ill. *Too good Subjects are apt to make bad Kings.*

PORTIA.

True, Arria; the Wives of Brutus and Thrasea Pætus may be allowed to have Spirits a little rebellious. Octavia was bred in the Court of her Brother. Subjection and Patience were better taught there than in our rough Schools.

L DIA:



D I A L O G U E XVI.

LOUISE DE COLIGNI, Princess of Orange.
FRANCES WALSINGHAM, Countess of Essex and of Clanrickard; before, Lady SIDNEY.

Princess of O R A N G E.

MADAM, they tell me, our Destinies had a great and surprising conformity, while we lived in the World together. I was the Daughter of Admiral Coligni, you of Secretary Walsingham, the two greatest Statesmen and ablest Supports of the Protestant Cause, in France, and in England. I was married to Teligni, the finest Gentleman of our Party, the most admired for his Valour, his Virtue, his Learning: You to Sir Philip Sidney, who bore the same Character among the English. We both lost our Husbands by violent

lent Deaths, and both married again with still greater Men ; I with William Prince of Orange, the Hero and Founder of the Dutch Commonwealth ; You with Devereux Earl of Essex, the Favourite of Elizabeth, and of the whole English Nation. But, alas ! to compleat the Resemblance of our Fates, we both saw those second Husbands, who had raised us so high, cut off in the Meridian of their Glory and Greatness ; mine by the Pistol of an Assassin ; Your's, more wretchedly still, by the Axe, as a Traitor and Rebel.

See Du Maurier Memoires de Hollande, from p. 177 to 190. Biographia Britann. Essex.

Countess of CLANRICKARD.

There was indeed in our Destinies such a Conformity, as seldom is found between that of two Persons in the same Age. Your's carried you higher, but I think it was more unhappy than mine. For my Father lived honourably, and died in Peace : Your's was assassinated in his old Age. How did you, Madam, comfort yourself and recover your Spirits under all your Misfortunes ?

Princess of ORANGE.

The Prince of Orange left an infant Son to my Care. The Educating of him to be

worthy of so renowned and illustrious a Father, to be the Heir of his Virtue as well as his Greatness, and the Affairs of the Commonwealth, in which I interested myself for his Sake, so filled my Mind, that they took from me the Sense of my Grief, which nothing but such a great and important Scene of Business, such a necessary Task of private and public Duty, could have ever relieved. But let me enquire of you, in my turn; how did your Heart find a balm to soften the Pain of the Wounds it had suffered? What employed your widowed Hours after the death of your Effex?

Countess of CLANRICKARD.

Madam, I did not long continue a Widow: I married again.

Princess of ORANGE.

How, Madam, married again! With what Prince, what King did you marry? The Ambition of your Heart could surely be satisfied with no meaner Husband. The Widow of Sir Philip Sidney and of My Lord Effex could not descend from Them to a Subject of less illustrious Fame; and where could you find one equal to either?

Countess

Countess of CLANRICKARD.

I did not seek for one, Madam: The Heroism of the former, and the Ambition of the latter, had made me very unhappy. I desired a quiet Life and the Joys of wedded Love, with an agreeable, virtuous, well-born, unambitious, unenterprising Husband. All this I found in the Earl of Clanrickard: and, believe me, Madam, I enjoyed more solid Felicity in Ireland with him, than I ever had known with my two former Husbands, in all the Pride of their Glory, when England and Europe resounded with their Praise.

Princess of ORANGE.

Can it be possible, that the Daughter of Walsingham, and the beloved Wife of Sidney and Essex, should have Sentiments so inferior to the great Minds which she sprung from, and to which she was matched! Believe me, Madam, there was no Hour, of all the Years that I lived, after the death of the Prince of Orange, in which I would have exchanged the delight that I had in hearing his Praise, and seeing the Monuments of his Glory in the free Com-

monwealth his Wisdom had founded, for any other Joys this World could give. The Cares that I shared with him, while Providence suffered him to continue below, were a Happiness to my Mind, because they improved and exalted its Powers. The Remembrance of them was dear to me after I lost him. I thought his great Soul would look down upon mine with some Tenderness of Affection, as its Fellow-labourer in the heroic and divine Work of delivering and freeing his Country. But to be divorced from that Soul! to be no longer his Wife! to be the consort of an inferior, inglorious Husband! I had much rather have died a thousand Deaths, than that my Heart should have once conceived such a Thought.

Countess of CLANRICKARD.

Your Highness ought not to judge of all Hearts by your own. The ruling Passion of *that* was Ambition. My Inclinations were not so noble as your's, but better suited, perhaps, to the nature of Woman. I loved Sir Philip Sidney, I loved the Earl of Essex, rather as amiable Men than as Heroes and Statesmen. They were so taken up with their Wars and State-Affairs, that

that my Tendernefs for them was often neglected. The Earl of Clanrickard was wholly mine. He was brave, but had not that *Spirit of Chivalry*, with which Sir Philip Sidney was strongly poffeffed. He had the Esteem of Elizabeth, but did not, like Effex, aspire to her *Love*; nor did he wifh to be the Rival of Carr, or of Villers, in the Affection of James. Such was the Man on whom my laft Choice beftowed my Hand, and whose Kindnefs compensated for all my Misfortunes! Providence has affigned to different tempers different comforts in their Afflictions. To you it gave the Education of a Prince, the Government of a State, the Pride of being called the Wife of a Hero. To me it gave a good, *living* Husband, Retirement, Quiet, Wealth, and a fair Reputation, though not in a degree fo exalted as your's. If our whole Sex were to chufe between your Confolations and mine, I verily think your Highnefs would find very few of your Taft. But I refpect the Sublimity of your Ideas. Now that we have no Bodies they appear lefs unnatural than I fhould have thought them in the other World.

Princess of ORANGE.

Adieu, Madam, our Souls are of a different Order, and were not made to converse with each other.



DIALOGUE



DIALOGUE XVII.

MARCUS BRUTUS—POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

BRUTUS.

WELL, Atticus; I find that, notwithstanding your Friendship for Cicero and for me, you survived us both many Years, with the same chearful Spirit you always possessed, and by the Marriage of your Daughter with Agrippa secured the Favour of Cæsar, and even a close Alliance with him by your Grand-daughter's Match with Tiberius Nero.

ATTICUS.

You know, Brutus, my Philosophy was the Epicurean. I loved my Friends, and I served them in their distresses with great Generosity; but I did not think myself bound to die when they died, or not to make others, as Occasions should offer.

BRUTUS.

B R U T U S.

You did *serve* your Friends, as far as you could, without bringing yourself into any great danger or trouble of Mind: but that you *loved* them I very much doubt. If you loved Cicero, how could you love Antony? If you loved me, how could you love Cæsar? If you loved Cæsar, how could you avoid taking Part against Antony in their last Civil War? Affection cannot be so strangely divided, and with so much equality, among Men of such opposite characters, and who were such irreconcilable Foes to each other.

A T T I C U S.

From my earliest Youth, I knew how to ingratiate myself with the Heads of different Parties, and yet not engage with any so far as to disturb my own Quiet. My Family was connected with the Marian Party; and, though I retired to Athens from Rome, that I might not be involved in the troubles which that Faction had begun to excite; yet, when young Marius was declared an Enemy by the Senate, I sent him a Sum of Money, to support him in his Exile. Nor did this hinder me from
making

making my Court so well to Sylla, upon his coming to Athens, that I obtained from him the highest Marks of his Favour. Nevertheless, when he pressed me to go with him to Rome, my Answer was, “ Do not,
 “ I beseech you, desire to lead me against
 “ those, with whom that I might not bear
 “ Arms against you, I left my native Coun-
 “ try: ” He admired my Conduct; and, at his departure from Athens, ordered all the Presents which had been made to him there to be carried to me. I remind you of this, only to shew that my conduct was always the same; and that in the Instances which you mentioned I did not act from any Inconstancy or Levity in my Nature, but from a regular, uniform Plan, which my Reason convinced me was founded in Wisdom.

V. Cornel.
 Nepot. in
 Vitâ Attici.

BRUTUS.

I know you also took the same Part between Pompey and Julius Cæsar.

ATTICUS.

I did so — and that I might be able to do it with Dignity, and without the reproach of Ingratitude, I never would accept any Office or Honour from either of
 those

those great Men; nor from Cicero, though my Sister had married his Brother; nor from you, my most honoured and most virtuous Friend.

BRUTUS.

Are there no Obligations to a good Heart, Pomponius, but Honours and Offices? Does the refusal of these cancel all other Ties? But, setting aside any considerations of private Affection or private Esteem, how did you reconcile your Conduct to that, which is the ruling Principle in the Heart of every virtuous Man, and more especially a virtuous Roman, *the Love of the Public*?

ATTICUS.

The times I lived in were so corrupted, and the conflict of Parties had so little to do with *the Love of the Public*, that I thought my Virtue much safer and purer by avoiding than mixing in the Fray.

BRUTUS.

Possibly in the dispute between Marius and Sylla, and even in that between Pompey and Cæsar, a good Man might see so much to blame on both sides, and so much to fear, which ever Faction should conquer

quer the other, as to be justified in not engaging with either. But let me say without Vanity, in the War which I waged against Antony and Octavius you had nothing to blame: for I know you approved the Principle upon which I killed Julius Cæsar, and thought it an honest, heroical Act: You had nothing to fear if our Arms had succeeded; for you knew my Intentions were upright and pure; you knew that both Cassius and I were resolved to restore the Republic. How could you then be a tranquil Spectator of such a Scene? How could you maintain an Indifference and Neutrality between the *Deliverers* and the *Tyrants* of Rome?

ATTICUS.

My Answer to this will require Explanations, which my Respect to the *Manes* of Brutus makes me wish to avoid.

BRUTUS.

No, Atticus; you may say to me all you think, without fear of offending. In the other World I loved Truth, and desired that all might speak it with Freedom: but here even the tender Ears of a Tyrant are compelled to endure it. Perhaps

haps I loved you so well that I shall not be sorry to hear you make a good Apology for your conduct, even at my Expence. If I committed faults, or erred in my Judgment, the Calamities I have suffered are a Punishment for it. Tell me then truly what were my failings.

A T T I C U S.

You said that the *Principle* upon which you killed Cæsar had my Approbation, and that I admired the Honesty and Heroism of the Act. This I do not deny: — but did I ever declare that I thought it a *prudent* or *well-timed* Act? I had quite other Thoughts. Nothing seemed to me ever *worse judged* or *worse timed*: and these were my reasons. Cæsar was just setting out to make War on the Parthians. That was an Enterprize of no little Difficulty, and no little Danger. But his boundless Ambition, and that restless Spirit, which never would let him take any Repose, did not mean to stop there. You know very well (for he hid nothing from you) that he had formed a vast Plan, of marching after he had conquered the whole Parthian Empire, along the Coast of the Caspian Sea, and the Sides of Mount Caucasus, into Scythia,

V. Plutarch.
in Vitâ Jul.
Cæsar.

Scythia, in order to subdue all the Countries that border on Germany, and Germany itself, as far as the Ocean, proposing to return to Rome by Gaul. Consider now, my dear Brutus, how much time the Execution of this immense Project would have required. In some of his Battles with so many fierce and warlike Nations, the bravest of all the Barbarians, he might very probably have been slain: but if he had not, Disease, or Age itself, might have ended his Life, before he could return triumphant to Rome. He was, when you killed him, in his fifty-sixth Year, and of an infirm Constitution. Except his Bastard by Cleopatra he had no Son: nor was his Despotism so quietly settled, that he could have a thought of leaving the Empire to his Sister's Grandson, Octavius. While he was absent, there was no reason to fear any Violence, or Male-Administration, in Italy, or in Rome. Cicero would have had the chief Power in the Senate, and Hirtius and Pansa were the Consuls designed for the ensuing Year. The Prætorship of the City was given to you by the favour of Cæsar; and your known Credit with him, added to your great Talents and high Reputation, gave you a Weight, which none of
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his Party left by him in Italy could dare to oppose. What a fair Prospect was here of good Order, and Peace, and Freedom at home, while abroad the Roman Name would have been rendered more glorious, the Disgrace of Crassus revenged, and the Bounds of the Empire extended beyond the utmost Ambition of our Forefathers, by the greatest General that ever led the Armies of Rome, or perhaps of any other Nation! What did it signify, whether in Asia, or among the Barbarians, that General bore the title of King, or that of Dictator? Nothing could be more puerile in you and your Friends, than to start so much at the thought of his taking that name, when you had suffered him to enjoy all the power of Royalty, and much more than any King of Rome had possessed, from Romulus down to Tarquin.

B R U T U S.

We considered that Name as the last Insult offered to our Liberty and our Laws. The desiring of it shewed in Cæsar a Mind which had divested itself of all Moderation. It was an Ensign of Tyranny, hung out with a vain and arrogant Purpose of making the Servitude of Rome more apparent.

apparent. We therefore determined to punish the Tyrant, and restore our Country to Freedom.

ATTICUS.

You punished the Tyrant, but you did not restore your Country to Freedom. By sparing Antony, against the Opinion of Cassius, you suffered the Tyranny still to subsist. He was Consul, and from the Moment that Cæsar was dead, he had the chief Power of the State in his Hands. The Soldiers adored him for his Liberality, Valour, and Military Frankness. His Eloquence was more persuasive from appearing unstudied. The Nobility of his House, which descended from Hercules, would naturally inflame his Heart with Ambition. The whole Course of his Life had shewn that his Thoughts were high and aspiring, and that he had little Respect for the Liberty of his Country. He had been Cæsar's principal Friend, the second Man in his Party: By saving him you left a new Head to that Party, an able Head, who would be sure to make use of his Credit to his own Aggrandisement and to your Ruin. Many, who would have wished the Restoration of Liberty, if Cæsar had died a natural Death,

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were

were so incensed at his Murther, that for the Sake of punishing *that*, they were willing to give all Power to Antony, and make him the Master of the Republic. This was particularly true with respect to the Veteran Troops, which had served under Cæsar : and he saw it so plainly, that he quickly availed himself of their Dispositions, and threw off all Regards to you or the Senate. You and Cassius were obliged to fly out of Italy ; and Cicero, who was unwilling to take the same Part, could find no Expedient to save himself and the Senate, but the wretched one of supporting and raising another Cæsar, the adopted Son and Heir of him you had slain, to oppose Antony, and to divide the Cæsarean Party. But even while he did this, he perpetually offended that Party, and made them his Enemies, by Harangues in the Senate, which breathed the very Spirit of the old Pompeian Faction, and made him appear to Octavius, and all the Friends of the dead Dictator, as guilty of his death, as those who had killed him. What could this end in, but what it did end in, a Reunion of the whole Cæsarean Party, and of their principal Chiefs, to destroy him and you and all the Pompeians ? For my
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own Part, I foresaw it long before the Event, and therefore kept myself clear of all those Proceedings.—You think that I ought to have joined you at Philippi, because I knew your good Intentions, and that, if you succeeded, both Cassius and you designed to restore the Commonwealth. I believe you did both agree in that Point; but then you differed in so many others, there was in your tempers such a Discordance, that I am persuaded the Union between you could not have lasted long; and your Dissention would have had most fatal Effects, with regard both to the Settlement and to the Administration of the Republic. Besides, the whole Mass of it was so corrupted, that I am convinced new Disorders would soon have arisen. If you had applied gentle Remedies, to which your own Nature was most inclined, those Remedies would have failed: if Cassius had induced you to act with Severity, your Government would have been stigmatized with the Name of a Tyranny more hateful than that which you had destroyed; and Cæsar's Clemency would have been the perpetual Topic of every factious Harangue to the People, and of every seditious Discourse to the Soldiers. Thus you would

have soon been plunged in the Miseries of a new Civil War, or perhaps assassinated in the Senate, as Julius was by you. Nothing could give the Roman Empire a fixed and lasting Tranquillity, but such a prudent Plan of a *mitigated Imperial Power*, as was afterwards formed by Octavius Cæsar, and happily settled by him, when he had got rid of all Opposition and Partnership in the Government. Those quiet times I lived to see, and I must say, they were the best I ever had seen, far better than those under the turbulent Aristocracy for which you contended. And let me boast a little of my own Prudence, which, through so many Storms, could carry me safe into that happy Port. Had it only given me Safety, without Reputation, I should not think that I ought to speak of it with Pride. But in all these Revolutions my Honour remained as unhurt as my Fortune. I so conducted myself, that I lost no Esteem, in being Antony's Friend, after having been Cicero's, or in my Alliance with Agrippa and with Augustus, after my known Connection with you. Nor did either Cæsar or Antony blame my Inaction in the Wars between them; but, on the contrary, seemed to value me more for the Neutrality I observed.

served. My Obligations to the one and Alliance with the other made it improper for me to act against either. And my constant tenour of Life had procured me an Exemption from all Civil Wars by a Kind of *Prescription*.

BRUTUS.

If Man were born to no higher Purpose, than to live long in Ease and Prosperity, with the general good Esteem of the World, your Wisdom was as much superior to mine, as my Life was shorter and more unhappy than your's. Nay, I believe it exceeded the Prudence of any other Man that ever existed, considering in what difficult times you were placed, and with how many Shocks and Changes of Fortune you were to contend. But *here* the most *virtuous* and *public-spirited* Conduct is found the most *prudent*. The Motives of Actions, not the Success, give us *here* Reputation. And if my Soul could return again to that Life from whence she is escaped, I would not change my Character to imitate your's: I again would be Brutus rather than Atticus. Even without the sweet hope of eternal Rewards in a more perfect State, which

is the strongest support to the Good in every Misfortune, I swear by the Gods, I would not give up *the noble Feelings of my Heart*, that Elevation of Mind which accompanies active and suffering Virtue, for your Seventy-seven Years of constant Tranquillity, with all the Esteem and Praise you obtained from the learned Men whom you patronized, or the Great Men whom you courted.





DIALOGUE XVIII.

WILLIAM THE THIRD, King of England.

JOHN DE WITT, Pensioner of Holland.

WILLIAM.

THOUGH I had no Cause to be much your Friend, I sincerely lament your unhappy Fate. Who could have thought that De Witt, the most popular Minister that ever governed a Commonwealth, should fall a Sacrifice to popular Fury! Such Talents, such Virtues as you were endowed with, so clear, so cool, so comprehensive a Head, a Heart so untainted with any Vice, despising Money, despising Pleasure, despising the vain Ostentation of Greatness, such Application to Business, such Ability in it, such Courage, such Firmness, and so perfect a Knowledge of the Nation you served, seemed to assure

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you

you of a fixed and stable Support in the Public Affection. But the Passions of the People, and more especially those of Holland, are always too violent. They love and hate in Extremes; and their Affection and Rage succeed to each other, with so sudden a Change, that sometimes the Men they have detested the most become their Favourites and their Idols, without knowing why; and those they had adored are at once made the Objects of their Resentment, without having incurred it by the least Alteration in their own Conduct.

D E W I T T.

It is very generous in your Majesty, not only to pity the fate of a Man, whose Political Principles made him an Enemy to your Greatness, but to ascribe it to the caprice and inconstancy of the People; as if there had been no great fault in his Conduct. I feel the Magnanimity of this Discourse from your Majesty, and it confirms what I have heard of all your behaviour after my Death. But here, where our Conscience must dictate our Words when we speak of ourselves, and where our Judgments are cleared from the Mists of our Passions, I frankly confess, that though the
Rage

Rage of the People of Holland was carried too far, when they tore me and my Brother to pieces, yet I had deserved to lose their Affections, by relying too much on the uncertain and dangerous Friendship of France, and by weakening the military Strength of the State, to serve little Purposes of my own Power, and secure to myself the interested affection of the Burgo-masters, or others, who had a popular Credit and Weight in my Faction. This had almost subjected my Country to France, if you, Great Prince, had not been set at the head of the falling Republic, and had not exerted such Virtues and Talents, to raise and support it, as surpassed even the Heroism and Prudence of William, our first, magnanimous Stadtholder, and equalled you to the most illustrious Patriots of Greece or of Rome.

WILLIAM.

This Praise from your Mouth is glorious to me indeed! What can so much exalt the Character of a Prince, as to have his Actions approved by a zealous Republican, and the Enemy of his House!

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DE WITT.

If I did not approve them, I should be the Enemy of the Republic. You never fought to Tyrannize over it; you loved, you respected, you guarded its Freedom. Thebes did not owe its Liberty more to Epaminondas, than Holland to you. It is to your *Virtue*, not to your *Royalty*, that you owe my Respect. How wonderful was it to see a young Man, who had scarce attained to the twenty-second Year of his Age, whose Spirit had been depressed and kept down by a jealous and hostile Faction, rising at once to the conduct of a most arduous and perilous War, stopping an Enemy victorious, triumphant, who had penetrated into the Heart of his Country; driving him back and recovering from him all he had conquered: to see this done with an Army, in which, a little before, there was neither Discipline, Courage, nor Conduct! Ancient History has no Exploit superior to it; and it will ennoble the Modern, whenever a Livy or a Plutarch shall arise, to do justice to it, and set the Hero who performed it in a true Light.

WILLIAM.

WILLIAM.

Say rather, when Time shall have worn out that Envy and Party-Spleen, which will not suffer Mankind to see the great Actions of their Friends and Benefactors in a true light, though they are represented ever so fairly.

DE WITT.

How magnanimous was your Reply, how much in the Spirit of true *ancient Virtue*, when being asked, in the greatest Extremity of our Danger, “*How you intended to live after Holland was lost?*” You said, “*You would live on the Lands you had left in Germany, and had rather pass your life in hunting there, than sell your Country or Liberty to France at any rate!*” How noble also was that other Saying, when being offered your Patrimonial Lordships and Lands in the County of Burgundy, or the full Value of them from France, by the Mediation of England, in the Treaty of Peace, your Answer was, “*That you would be content to lose them all, to gain one good town more for the Spaniards in Flanders!*” No Wonder, after this, that you were able to form a League
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See Temple's Memoirs from the Year 1672 to 1679. p. 259, 320, 321.

of all Europe against the Ambition and Power of France; that you were the Soul of that generous League; that you could support and keep it together, in spite of repeated and grievous Misfortunes; that even after Defeats you were as formidable to Louis, as other Generals after Victories; and that in the end you became the Deliverer of Europe, as you had before been of Holland.

W I L L I A M.

I had in truth no other Object, no other Passion at heart, throughout my whole Life, but to maintain the Independence and Freedom of Europe against the encroaching Power of France. It was this Desire which formed the whole Plan of my Policy, which animated all my Counsels, both as Prince of Orange and King of England.

D E W I T T.

This Desire was the most noble (I speak it with Shame) that could inflame the Heart of a Prince, whose Ancestors had opposed and in a great measure destroyed the Power of Spain, when she aspired to the Monarchy of Europe. France, Sir, in your days
had

had an equal Ambition and more Strength to support her enormous Designs, than Spain under the Government of Philip the Second. That Ambition you checked, that Strength your resisted. I, alas ! was seduced by the Arts of her false, perfidious Court, and by the Necessity of Affairs, in that System of Policy which I had adopted, to ask her Assistance, to rely on her Favour, and to make the Commonwealth, whose Counsels I governed, subservient to her Greatness.—Permit me, Sir, to explain to you the Motives and Principles of my Conduct. If all the Princes of Orange had acted like you, I should never have been the Enemy of your House. But Prince Maurice of Nassau desired to oppress the Liberty of that State his noble Father had freed from Oppression, and which he himself had defended, against the Arms of the House of Austria, with the highest Reputation of Military Virtue. Under a feigned Pretence of Religion (the most execrable Cover of a wicked Design) he put to death Barneveldt, his Father's best Friend, because he refused to concur with him in that ambitious Desire. He likewise imprisoned other good Men and Lovers of their Country, confiscated their Estates, and ruined their families.

families. Yet when he had done all these Acts of Injustice, to make himself Sovereign of the Dutch Commonwealth, he found they had drawn such an Odium upon him, he found it so perilous to proceed any farther, that he durst not accomplish his iniquitous Purpose, and stopped short of the Tyranny to which he had sacrificed his Honour and Virtue : a Disappointment which mortified and chagrined him so much that it hastened his Death. His Brother, Prince Henry, who succeeded to his Dignities in the Republic, acted more honestly, and with more Moderation. But the Son of that Prince, your Majesty's Father, (I am sorry to say what I know you hear with Pain) resumed, in the Pride and Fire of his Youth, the ambitious Designs of Maurice, his Uncle. He failed indeed, and soon afterwards died, but left in the hearts of the Republican Party an incurable Jealousy and Dread of his Family, which occasioned your Majesty's being deprived of the Charge of Stadtholder, and all the Power your House had enjoyed from the first Settlement of our Commonwealth. Full of those Prejudices, and zealous for Liberty, I thought it my Duty, as Pensionary of Holland, to prevent for ever, if I could,

your

your Restoration to a Greatness, which I sincerely believed would be inconsistent with the Safety and Freedom of my Country.

WILLIAM.

Allow me to stop you a Moment here—
When my Great-grandfather formed the Plan of the Dutch Commonwealth, he made the Power of a Stadtholder one of the principal Springs in that System of Government. How could you think it would ever go well when deprived of that Spring, so necessary to adjust and ballance its Motions? A Constitution originally formed with no mixture of Regal Power may long be supported without such a Power; but, if a degree of Regal Power was mixed in the Frame and Principles of it, the forcing *that* out must extremely disorder and weaken the Whole. This was particularly the case in our State. The Negative Voice of every small Town in the Provincial States, the Slowness of our Forms, and Deliberations, the facility with which foreign Powers may corrupt and buy the Opinions of so many Persons as have a right to concur in our Resolutions, make it impossible for the Government to be well carried on, without
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the power and influence of a Stadtholder, which is the only Remedy for those Evils.

D E W I T T.

I acknowledge the Truth of your Majesty's Observation. But I and my Party thought no Evil so great as that Remedy would have been ; and therefore we sought for other Resources. One of those was the Friendship, or (to speak in plain terms) the *Protection* of France. I flattered myself that the Interest of the French would secure to me their Favour ; as your Relation to the Crown of England might well raise in them a Jealousy of your Power. I hoped they would promote the Trade of the Dutch in opposition to the English, the ancient Enemies of their Crown, and let us enjoy a perpetual Peace, unless we made War upon England, or England upon us ; in which case I presumed we should have their Assistance. I relied so much on these Notions, in which I was encouraged by Monsieur d'Estades, the French Minister at the Hague, who served his Court but too well ; and I found my Authority grow so strong by my Firmness in pursuing this Plan, that I had no Apprehensions of the *Mine* that was forming

forming under my feet. — I made it my care to keep up a great Navy, well commanded and officered, as a Security against the English; but, as I feared nothing from France or from Spain, I neglected the Army; or rather (to speak the truth) I destroyed it, by enervating all its Spirit and Strength, by disbanding old Troops and Veteran Officers, attached to the House of Orange, and putting in their place a *trading Militia*, commanded by Officers who had neither Experience nor Courage, and who owed their Promotions to no other Merit, but their Relation or Interest with some leading Men, in the several *Oligarchies*, of which the Government in all the Dutch Towns is composed. Nevertheless, by the French Invasion of Flanders, I was forced, much against my own will, to depart, at one juncture of time, from my close Correspondence and Connection with France, and to concur with England and Sweden in the Triple Alliance, which Sir William Temple proposed, to check her Ambition: but as I entered into that Measure from Necessity, not from Choice, I did not pursue it. I neglected to improve our Union with England, or to secure that with Sweden; I sought no conjunction of

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Counsels

Counsels with Spain; I formed no Alliance with the Emperor or the Germans; I corrupted our Army still more and more; till a sudden, unnatural Confederacy, struck up between England and France, for the conquest of the Seven Provinces, brought *them* at once to the brink of Destruction, and made me and my miserable Brother the Victims to the Rage of a People too justly provoked.

W I L L I A M.

I must say, that your Plan was in effect nothing more, than to procure for the Dutch *a Licence to trade, under the good pleasure and gracious Protection of France.* But any State that so much depends on another is only a *Province*, and its *Liberty* is a *Servitude* graced with a fair and plausible Name. You should have reflected, that to a Monarch so vain and ambitious, as *Louis le Grand*, the Idea of a Conquest, which seemed almost certain, and the Desire of humbling a haughty Republic, were Temptations too powerful to be resisted. And if you knew the character of Charles the Second, or the principles of his Government, you ought not to have thought his Union with France for the
 Ruin

Ruin of Holland an impossible or even improbable Thing, but should have provided against it in time. It is scarce excusable in a Minister to be greatly surprized, that the Inclinations of Princes should sometimes make them act without any regard to the political Maxims and Interests of their Kingdoms.

DE WITT.

I am ashamed of my Error; but the cause of it was, that though I thought very ill, I did not think quite so ill of Charles the Second as he deserved. I imagined too that his Parliament and even his Council would have restrained him from such a War. Nay, I trusted that, if the French should attack us, the English would think their Safety concerned in our Defence. These, I own, are Excuses, not Justifications. When the French Army marched into Holland, and found it in a condition so unfit to resist them, my Fame as a Minister irrecoverably sunk. For, not to appear a *Traitor*, I was obliged to confess that I had been a *Dupe*. But who can sufficiently praise the great Wisdom and Virtue *You* shewed, in rejecting so firmly the Offers made to you, when

See Temple's Memoirs from the Year 1672 to 1679. p. 259, 299.

first you appeared at the head of your Country, by England and France, and repeated so often in the course of the War, to give you *the Sovereignty of the Seven Provinces*, with the Aid, and under the Protection of the two Crowns! Believe me, great Prince, had I been living then, and had known the generous Answers you made to those Offers, Answers that would have become the Mouth of Timoleon or Epaminondas, the most devoted Friend to your House would not have been more your Servant than I. But who could hope for such Moderation, and such a right Sense of Glory and Greatness, in a young Man, descended from *Kings*, whose Mother was Daughter to Charles the First, and whose Father had left him the Example of quite a different Conduct? Happy indeed were the English, to have such a Prince, so nearly allied to their Crown both in Blood and by Marriage; whom they might call to be their Deliverer, when by Bigottry and by Despotism, the two greatest Enemies to Human Society, their whole Constitution in Church and State was almost overthrown!

WILLIAM.

WILLIAM.

They might have been happy ; but they were not. — As soon as I had accomplished their Deliverance for them, many of them forgot the Danger and Ruin from which I had saved them, and wished to restore the unforgiving Prince, whom they had so unanimously expelled from his Kingdom. Such Levity seems incredible— I could not myself have imagined it possible, especially in a Nation famed for *good Sense*, if I had not had Proofs of it beyond Contradiction. They seemed as much to forget *what they called me over for*, as that *they had called me over*. The Security of their Religion and Laws was no longer their Care. All was to yield to the incomprehensible Doctrine of *Right divine*, and *Passive Obedience*. Thus the *Tories* grew *Jacobites*, after having renounced both King James and that Doctrine, by their Opposition to him, by their Invitation of Me, and by every Act of the Parliament which gave me the Crown. But the most troublesome to me were a set of Republicans, who opposed all my Measures, perplexed my Affairs, and joined with the Jacobites in disturbing my

Government, because it was not a Commonwealth.

DE WITT.

They who were Republicans under your Government in the Kingdom of England did not love Liberty, but aspired to Dominion; and wished to throw the Nation into a State of Anarchy and Confusion, that they might draw out of it Power to themselves.

WILLIAM.

Your observation in general is very just. A proud Man very often imagines himself a Lover of Liberty, when he is only impatient of a Power in Government above his own, and, were he a King or First Minister, would be a Tyrant. Nevertheless I will own to you, that there were some Whigs, and even some of the moderate Tories, who, with honest Intentions, and sometimes with good judgments, proposed new Securities to the Liberty of the Nation, against the Prerogative or Influence of the Crown, and the Corruption of Ministers in future times. To some of these I gave way, being convinced they were right; but others I resisted, for fear of

of weakening too much the Royal Authority, and breaking that Ballance, in which the Perfection of a *mixed* Form of Government always consists. I should not, perhaps, have resisted so many, if I had not seen in the House of Commons a Disposition to rise in their Demands on the Crown, had they found it more yielding. The Difficulties of my Government upon the whole were so great, that I once had resolved to give back to the Nation the Crown they had given, and retire to Holland, where I found more Affection and Gratitude in the People. But I was stopped by the Prayers of my Friends, and by an Unwillingness to undo the great Work I had done : especially as I knew, that, if England should fall into the hands of King James, it would be a very hard Matter to preserve the rest of Europe from the Dominion of France.

D E W I T T.

Heaven be praised that your Majesty did not persist in so fatal a Resolution. Holland would have been ruined by it as well as England. But I cannot enough express my Surprise, that you should have met with such Treatment, as could induce you

to conceive such a Thought! The English must sure be a People incapable either of Liberty or Subjection!

W I L L I A M.

There were, I confess, some Faults in my Temper, and some in my Government, which are an Excuse for my Subjects in regard to the Uneasiness and Disquiet they gave me. I was too cold and reserved for their Genius. They are a frank, open-hearted, good-humoured People. My Taciturnity, which agreed very well with the temper of the Dutch, offended their's. They love an affable Prince: it was his Affability that made them so fond of King Charles the Second. Then the excess of my Favour to some of the Dutch, whom I brought over with me, excited a national Jealousy in them, and hurt their Pride. My Government also appeared too unsteady, too fluctuating between the Whigs and the Tories, which almost deprived me at last of the Confidence and Love of both Parties. I trusted too much to the Integrity and the Purity of my Intentions, without using those Arts that are necessary to allay the Ferment of Parties, and win Men to their Duty by soothing

soothing their Passions. Upon the whole, I am sensible that I better understood how to govern the Dutch than the English or Scotch, and should perhaps have been thought a greater Man, if I had never been King of Great Britain.

DE WITT.

The Faults in your Temper or Conduct in Government were by no means sufficient to tarnish the Lustre of so many Virtues, and so many great Talents, as you were endowed with. It is a Shame to the English, that Gratitude and Affection for such Merit as your's, and such Obligations as they had to you in Points so essential, did not overcome any little Disgusts, and enthrone their Deliverer in the Hearts of his People. But will your Majesty give me leave to ask you one Question? I have heard that some Part of the Nation disliked your Alliances on the Continent, and spoke of your War with France, as a War of Ambition, and a *Dutch Measure*, in which you sacrificed England to Holland.

WILLIAM.

The Cry of the Nation at first was strong for the War : but before the End of it the
Tories

Tories began to talk the language you mention. And no Wonder they did; — for, as they then had a mind to set up again the Maxims of Government, that had prevailed in the reign of their beloved Charles the Second, they could not but represent Opposition to France, and vigorous Measures taken to restrain her Ambition, as unnecessary for England: because they well knew that the Counsels of that King had been averse to such Measures; that his whole Policy made him a Friend to France; that he was governed by a French Mistress, and even bribed by French Money to give that Court his Assistance, or at least his Acquiescence, in all their Designs.

D E W I T T.

Had the Stuart Family done nothing else to incur the Resentment of the English, *that* alone was sufficient in my opinion to justify the Revolution. A King of England, whose Cabinet is governed by France, and who becomes a vile Pensioner to a French King, degrades himself from his Royalty, and can be considered in no better light, than as an Enemy to the Nation. Indeed the whole Conduct of Charles the
Second,

Second, when he was not forced off from his natural Bias, by the Necessity he sometimes was under of soothing his Parliament, was a constant, designed, systematical Opposition to the Interest of his People. His Brother, though in his heart, perhaps, more attached to the Honour of England, was by his Popery and Desire of absolute Power forced to lean upon France, and do nothing to stop her Designs on the Continent, or lessen her Greatness. It was therefore necessary to place the British Crown on your Head, not only to preserve the Religion and Laws of the English and Scotch from internal Oppressions, but to save the whole Island from being soon made a Province to France. And what Folly or Ignorance was it to brand your Measures abroad, as sacrificing the Interest of your British Dominions to that of the Dutch? Had Great Britain no Interest to hinder the French from being Masters of all the Austrian Netherlands, and forcing the Seven United Provinces to submit with the rest to their Yoke? Would her Trade, would her Coasts, would her Capital have been safe, after such an Encrease of Maritime Power, of Shipping and Sailors, as France would have certainly gained by those

those Conquests? And what could have prevented them, but the War which you waged, and the Alliances which you formed? Could the Dutch and the Germans, unaided by England, have resisted a Power, which even with her Assistance, great as it was, they could hardly resist? And after the Peace of Reswick, procured by the Efforts of the *First Grand Alliance*, did not a new and greater Danger require another such League to be formed? Was not the Union of France and Spain under one Monarch the most dreadful Prospect that ever threatened the Liberty and Independence of Europe? And was it not Wisdom in England to try all Means to prevent it?

W I L L I A M.

I thought so; and I am sure I did not judge wrong. But Faction is blind, or shuts her Eyes not to see the most evident Truths that cross her designs; as she believes any Absurdity or Lies that assist them.

D E W I T T.

That there might be some Fault in the management of the War you made against
France,

France, particularly with regard to the Operations at Sea, I will not deny. But the only Objection, which I can suppose to have any weight, against your System of Foreign Affairs, is the enormous Expence that attends it; an Expence which I am afraid neither England nor Holland will be able to bear without great Inconvenience, when they come to make up their final Accounts.

WILLIAM.

I will answer that Objection by asking a Question. If, when you were Pensionary of Holland, Intelligence had been brought, that the Dykes were all giving way, and the Sea coming in, to overwhelm and to drown us, what would you have said to one of the Deputies, who, when you were proposing the proper Repairs to stop the Inundation, should have objected to the Expence, as too heavy on the Province? This was the case in a political Sense with both England and Holland. The Fences our Ancestors had raised to keep out Superstition and Tyranny were all giving way: those dreadful Evils were threatening to break in upon us, and overwhelm our Ecclesiastical and Civil Constitutions.

tutions. Our Destruction was inevitable, if we did not exert our utmost Endeavours to save ourselves from it. In such circumstances to object to a necessary Expence is Folly and Madness.

D E W I T T.

It is certain, Sir, that the Wealth of a Nation can never be so well employed, as to preserve their Religion and Freedom. When *these* are lost, there remains nothing worth the Concern of a good or wise Man. I acknowledge too that the Resources of a commercial Country, which knows how to support its Commerce by great and powerful Fleets, and to raise its Taxes in a way not hurtful to Trade, are immense, and beyond what could be conceived, till the Trial is made. But yet an *unlimited* and *continued* Expence will in the End so weaken a Nation, that it must sink under the weight; and then its Independence cannot be maintained. What matters it whether a State is mortally wounded by the hand of a foreign Enemy, or dies by a Consumption of its own vital Strength? Such a Consumption will come upon Holland sooner than upon England, because the latter has a greater radical Force: but,
great

great as it is, that Force may be so diminished at last by perpetual Drains, that it may fail all at once, and what may appear its most *vigorous Efforts* may in reality be *the Convulsions of Death*. I don't apply this to your Majesty's Government: but I speak with a view to what I foresee may happen hereafter from the extensive Ideas of Negociation and War which you have established. They have been salutary to your Kingdom; but they will be pernicious, in future times, if in pursuing great Plans great Ministers do not act with a Sobriety and a Prudence, which seldom are joined with an extraordinary Vigour and Boldness of Counsels.

DIALOGUE



DIALOGUE XIX.

M. APICIUS — DARTENEUF.

DARTENEUF.

ALAS! poor Apicius — I pity thee much, for not having lived in my Age and my Country. How many good Dishes have I eat in England that were unknown at Rome in thy Days!

APICIUS.

Keep your Pity for yourself. — How many good Dishes have I eat in Rome, the Knowledge of which has been lost in these latter degenerate Days! The fat Paps of a Sow, the Livers of Scari, the Brains of Phœnicopters, and the *Tripotanium*, which consisted of three sorts of Fish for which you have no Names, the *Lupus Marinus*, the *Myxo*, and the *Muræna*.

DARTENEUF.

DARTENEUF.

I thought the *Muræna* had been our Lamprey. We have excellent ones in the Severn!

APICIUS.

No:—the *Muræna* was a Salt-water Fish, and kept in Ponds into which the Sea was admitted.

DARTENEUF.

Why then I dare say our Lampreys are better. Did you ever eat any of them potted or stewed?

APICIUS.

I was never in Britain. Your Country then was too barbarous for me to go thither. I should have been afraid that the Britons would have eat me.

DARTENEUF.

I am sorry for you, very sorry: for if you never were in Britain you never eat the best Oysters in the whole World.

See St. Evremond's Letters.

O APICIUS.

A P I C I U S.

See Juvenal
and Pliny.
Arbuthnot
on ancient
Coins, c. 5.
Pars 2;

Pardon me, Sir, your Sandwich Oyfters were brought to Rome in my time.

D A R T E N E U F.

They could not be fresh: they were good for nothing there.—You should have come to Sandwich to eat them. It is a shame for you, that you did not.—An Epicure talk of Danger when he is in search of a *Dainty*! Did not Leander swim over the Hellespont to get to his Mistress? And what is a *Wench* to a Barrel of excellent Oyfters!

A P I C I U S.

See Athenæ-
us and Bayle
in his Notes
to the Arti-
cle Apicius.

Nay—I am sure you can't blame me for any want of Alertness in seeking fine Fishes. I sailed to the Coast of Africk, from Minturnæ in Campania, only to taste of one Species, which I heard was larger there than it was on our Coast, and finding that I had received a false Information, I returned again without deigning to land.

D A R T E N E U F.

There was some sense in *that*: but why did not you also make a Voyage to Sandwich?

wich ? Had you tasted those Oysters in their Perfection you would never have come back : you would have eat till you burst.

A P I C I U S.

I wish I had : — It would have been better than poisoning myself, as I did, because, when I came to make up my Accounts, I found I had not much above the poor sum of *fourscore thousand pounds* left, which would not afford me a Table to keep me from starving.

See Senec.

de Consol.

ad Helviam.

Martial. E-

pig. 22. l. 3.

Bayle Api-

cius.

See Arbuth-

not, p. 116.

D A R T E N E U F.

A Sum of *fourscore thousand Pounds* not keep you from starving ! Would I had had it ! I should not have spent it in twenty Years, though I had kept the best Table in London, supposing I had made no other Expence.

A P I C I U S.

Alas poor Man ! This shews that you English have no Idea of the Luxury that reigned in our Tables. Before I died I had spent in my Kitchen 807,291 l. 13 s. 4 d.

See Arbuth-

not, p. 116.

DARTENEUF.

I don't believe a word of it: There is an Error in the account.

APICIUS.

See Arbuthnot, p. 133.

Why, the Establishment of Lucullus for his Suppers in *the Apollo*, I mean for every Supper he eat in the Room which he called by that name, was 5000 Drachms, which is in your Money 1614l. 11s. 8d.

DARTENEUF.

Would I had supped with him there! But is there no Blunder in these Calculations?

APICIUS.

Ask your learned Men *that*.—I count as they tell me. — But perhaps you may think, that these Feasts were only made by great Men, like Lucullus, who had plundered all Asia *to help him in his Housekeeping*. What will you say when I tell you that the Player Æsopus had one Dish that cost him six thousand Sestertia, that is, four thousand eight hundred and forty-three pounds ten shillings English?

Arbuthnot,
p. 133;
Plin. l. 10.
c. 60.

DARTENEUF.

DARTENEUF.

What will I say? why, that I pity poor Cibber and Booth; and that, if I had known this when I was alive, I should have hanged myself for Vexation that I did not live in those days.

APICIUS.

Well you might, well you might.— You don't know what *Eating* is. You never could know it. Nothing less than the Wealth of the Roman Empire is sufficient to enable a Man *to keep a good Table*. Our Players were richer by far than your Princes.

DARTENEUF.

Oh that I had but lived in *the blessed Reign* of Caligula, or of Vitellius, or of Heliogabalus, and had been admitted to the Honour of dining with their slaves!

APICIUS.

Ay, there you touch me.—I am mi- See Bayle
serable that I died before their *good times*. Apicius, A-
thenæus, l. 1.
They carried the Glories of their Table P. 7.
much farther than the best Eaters of the
Age that I lived in. Vitellius spent in

Arbuthnot,
c. 5.

eating and drinking within one year, what would amount in your Money to above seven Millions two hundred thousand pounds. He told me so himself in a Conversation I had with him not long ago. And the others you mentioned did not fall short of his Royal Magnificence.

D A R T E N E U F.

These indeed were *great Princes*. But what affects me most is the Dish of that *Player*, that damned Fellow *Æsopus*. I can't bear to think of his having lived so much better than I. Pray, of what Ingredients might the Dish, he paid so much for, consist?

A P I C I U S.

Arbuthnot,
p. 133.

Chiefly of *singing Birds*. It was *that* which so greatly enhanced the Price.

D A R T E N E U F.

Of *singing Birds*! Choak him.—I never eat but *one*, which I stole from a Lady of my Acquaintance, and all London was in an Uproar about it, as if I had stolen and roasted a Child. But, upon recollection, I begin to doubt whether I have so much reason to envy *Æsopus*. For the
singing

singing Bird which I eat was no better in its Taste than a fat Lark or Thrush. It was not so good as a Wheatear or *Becafigue*. And therefore I suspect that all the Luxury you have bragged of was nothing but Vanity and foolish Expence. It was like that of the Son of *Æsopus*, who dissolved Pearls in Vinegar and drunk them at Supper. I'll be damned, if a Haunch of Venison, and my favourite *Ham Pye*, were not much better Dishes than any at the Table of Vitellius himself. I don't find that you ever had any good Soops, without which no Man *of Taste* can possibly dine. The Rabbits in Italy are not fit to eat: and what is better than *the Wing* of one of our English *wild* Rabbits? I have been told that you had no *Turkies*. The Mutton in Italy is very ill-flavoured. And as for your Boars *roasted whole*, I despise them. They were only fit to be served up to the Mob, at a Corporation Feast or Election Dinner. A small *Barbecued Hog* is worth a hundred of them. And a good Collar of Shrewsbury Brawn is a much better Dish.

Pope's Imit.
of Hor. Sat.
I. l. 46.

A P I C I U S.

See Arbuth-
not, c. 5.

If you had some kinds of Meat that we wanted, yet our Cookery must have been greatly superior to Your's. Our Cooks were so excellent, that they could give to Hog's Flesh the Taste of all other Meats.

D A R T E N E U F.

I should not have liked their damned Imitations. You might as easily have imposed on a good *Connoisseur* the Copy of a fine Picture for the Original. Our Cooks, on the contrary, give to all other Meats a rich flavour of Bacon, without destroying that which makes the distinction of one from another. I have not the least doubt that our *Essence of Hams* is a much better Sauce than any that ever was used by the Ancients. We have a hundred *Ragouts*, the composition of which exceeds all Description. Had your's been as good, you could not have lolled, as you did, upon Couches, while you were eating. They would have made you sit up and attend to your Business. Then you had a Custom of hearing Things *read to you* while you were at Supper. This shews you were not so well entertained as we are
with

with our Meat. For my own part, when I was at Table, I could mind nothing else: I neither heard, saw, nor spoke: I only smelt and tasted. But the worst of all is, that you had no Wine fit to be named with good Claret, or Burgundy, or Champagne, or Old Hock, or Tokay. You boasted much of your *Falernum*: but I have tasted the *Lachrymæ Christi*, and other Wines that grow upon the same Coast, not one of which would I drink above a Glass or two of, if you would give me the Kingdom of Naples. You boiled your Wines, and mixed Water with them; which shews that in themselves they were not fit to drink.

APICIUS.

I am afraid you beat us in Wines; not to mention your Cyder, Perry, and Beer, of all which I have heard great fame from some English, with whom I have talked; and their Report has been confirmed by the Testimony of their Neighbours, who have travelled into England. Wonderful Things have been also said to me of a Liquor called *Punch*.

DARTENEUF.

DARTENEUF.

Ay—to have died without tasting *That* is unhappy indeed ! There is *Rum Punch*, and *Arrack Punch* ! It is hard to say which is best : but Jupiter would have given his *Nectar* for either of them, upon my Word and Honour.

APICIUS.

The Thought of it puts me into a Fever with Thirst. From whence do you get your Arrack, and your Rum ?

DARTENEUF.

Why, from the East and West Indies, which you knew nothing of. *That* is enough to decide the Dispute. Your Trade to the East Indies was very far short of what we carry on : and the West Indies were not discovered. What a new World of good Things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to Us ? Think of *That*, and despair.

APICIUS.

I cannot indeed but lament my ill Fate, that America was not found before I was born. It tortures me when I hear of
Chocolate,

Chocolate, Pine Apples, and twenty other fine Meats, or fine Fruits produced there, which I have never tasted. What an advantage is it to you, that all your Sweetmeats, Tarts, Cakes, and other Delicacies of that nature, are sweetened with Sugar, instead of Honey, which we were obliged to make use of, for want of that Plant! But what grieves me most is, that I never eat a *Turtle*. They tell me that it is absolutely the Best of all Foods!

DARTENEUF.

Yes, I have heard the Americans say so:—but I never eat any: for in my time they were not brought over to England.

APICIUS.

Never eat any Turtle! How didst thou dare accuse me of not going to Sandwich, to eat Oysters, and didst not thyself take a trip to America, to riot on *Turtles*? But know, wretched Man, that I am informed, they are now as plentiful in England as Sturgeon. There are *Turtle-boats* that go regularly to London and Bristol from the West Indies. I have just seen a fat Alderman, who died in London last Week,
of

D I A L O G U E S

of a Surfeit he got at a *Turtle Feast* in that City.

DARTENEUF.

What does he say? does he tell you that *Turtle* is better than *Venison*!

APICIUS.

He says, there was a Haunch of *Venison* untouched, while every Mouth was employed on the *Turtle*: that he eat till he fell asleep in his Chair, and that the Food was so wholesome, he should not have died, if he had not unluckily caught Cold in his Sleep, which stopped his Perspiration and hurt his Digestion.

DARTENEUF.

Alas! how imperfect is human Felicity! I lived in an Age when the Pleasure of Eating was thought to be carried to its highest perfection in England and France. And yet a *Turtle feast* is a Novelty to me! Would it be impossible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto of going back for one Day, just to taste of that Food? I would promise to kill myself by the Quantity I would eat before the next Morning.

APICIUS.

APICIUS.

You have forgot, Sir, that you have no *Body*: That which you had has been rotten a great while ago: and you can never return to the Earth with another, unless Pythagoras carries you thither to animate that of a Hog. But comfort yourself, that, as you have eat Dainties which I never tasted, so the next Age will eat some unknown to the present. New Discoveries will be made, and new Delicacies brought from other Parts of the World. We must both be Philosophers. We must be thankful *for the good Things we have had*, and not grudge others *better*, if they fall to their Share. Consider, that, after all, we could but have eat as much as our Stomachs would hold; And *that* we did every day of our lives.—But see; who comes hither? I think it is Mercury.

MERCURY.

Gentlemen, I must tell you, that I have stood near you invisible, and heard your Discourse; a Privilege which we Deities use when we please. Attend therefore to a Discovery which I shall make to you, relating to the subject upon which you were talking.

talking. I know two Men, one of whom lived in ancient and the other in modern times, that had more Pleasure in Eating than either of you ever had in your lives.

A P I C I U S.

One of these, I presume, was a Sybarite, and the other a French Gentleman settled in the West Indies.

M E R C U R Y.

No: one was a Spartan Soldier and the other an English Farmer.—I see you both look astonished. But what I tell you is Truth. The Soldier never eat his *black Broth* till the Exercises, to which by their Discipline the Spartan Troops were obliged, had got him such an Appetite, that he could have gnawed a Bone like a Dog. The Farmer was out at the Tail of his Plough, or some other wholesome Labour, from Morning till Night; and when he came home his Wife dressed him a piece of good Beef, or a fine barn-door Fowl and a Pudding for his Dinner, which he eat much more ravenously, and consequently with a great deal more relish and pleasure, than you did your *Tripotanium* or your *Ham Pye*. Your Stomachs were
always

always so overcharged, that I question if ever you felt real Hunger, or eat one Meal in twenty Years without forcing your Appetites, which makes all things insipid. I tell you therefore again, that the Soldier and the Farmer had much more of the Joy of Eating than You.

DARTENEUF.

This is more mortifying than not to have shared a Turtle Feast. I fear indeed we have been in quite a wrong System, and never had any *true Notions of Pleasure*.

APICIUS.

It is a sad Thing not to know what *good Living* is before one is *dead*. I wish, Mercury, you had taught me your *Art of Cookery* in my Life-time, or held your tongue about it *here*.

DIALOGUE



D I A L O G U E XX.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.
CHARLES the Twelfth, King of Sweden.

ALEXANDER.

YOUR Majesty seems in very great
Wrath! Who has offended you?
What is the Matter?

CHARLES.

The Offence is to you as much as to
me. Here is a Fellow got into Elysium,
who has most impudently affronted us both.
It is an English Poet, one Pope. He has
called us *two Madmen*!

Pope's Essay
on Man, Ep.
iv. l. 219, 20.

ALEXANDER.

I have been very unlucky in Poets. No
Prince was ever more fond of the Muses,
or received from them a more ungrateful
Return!

Return! When I was alive, I declared that I envied Achilles, because he had a Homer to sing his Exploits, and I most liberally rewarded Chœrilus, a Pretender to Poetry, for having endeavoured to celebrate mine: but my Bounty, instead of doing me Honour, has since drawn upon me the censures of Horace, a witty Roman Poet, as shewing only my want of Taste; and Lucan, another Poet of the same nation, has loaded my Memory with the harshest Invectives.

CHARLES.

I know nothing of These; but I know that in my time, a French Satirist, one Boileau, made so free with your Character, that I tore his book for having abused *my favourite Hero*. And now this saucy Englishman has libelled us both. — But I have a Proposal to make to you for the Reparation of our Honour. If you will join with me, we will turn all these Scriblers out of Elysium, and throw them down to the bottom of Tartarus, in spite of Pluto and all his Guards.

See Porriatowski's Remarks on Voltaire's History of Charles XII.

P ALEXANDER.

A L E X A N D E R.

This is just such a Scheme as your's at Bender, to maintain yourself there, with three hundred Swedes, against the whole Force of the Ottoman Empire. And I must say, that such Follies gave Pope too much cause to call you *a Madman*.

C H A R L E S.

If my Heroism was *Madness*, your's, I presume, was not *Wisdom*.

A L E X A N D E R.

There was a vast Difference between your Conduct and mine. All my Plans and Operations of War were well laid, and carried on with great Prudence. My Measures were proper to answer my Ends; and, let Poets or Declaimers say what they will, whoever reads the History of my Life with Attention will find that I was an able and wise Politician, as well as a brave and intrepid Soldier. But you, by unwisely leading your Army into the vast and barren Deserts of the Ukraine, at the approach of the Winter, exposed it to perish for want of Subsistence, lost your Artillery, lost a great Part of your Troops
by

by cold and fatigue, and were forced to fight with the Muscovites under such disadvantages, as made it almost impossible for you to conquer.

CHARLES.

I will not dispute your Superiority as a General. It is not for me, *a meer Mortal*, to contend with *the Son of Jupiter Ammon*.

ALEXANDER.

I suppose you think my pretending that Jupiter was my Father as much entitles me to the name of *a Madman*, as your Behaviour at Bender does you. But you are greatly mistaken. It was my Policy, not my Vanity, which formed that Pretension. When I proposed to undertake the conquest of Asia, it was necessary for me to appear to the People *something more than a Man*. They had been used to Ideas of *Demigod Heroes*. I therefore claimed an equal Descent with Osiris and Sesostris, with Bacchus and Hercules, the former Conquerors of the East. The Opinion of my Divinity assisted my Arms, and helped to subdue all Nations before me, from the Granicus to the Ganges. But though I called myself *the Son of Jupiter*,

and kept up the Veneration that name inspired, by the extraordinary Courage I shewed, and the sublime Magnanimity of all my Behaviour, I did not forget *that I was the Son of Philip*. I used the Policy of my Father, and the wise Lessons of Aristotle, whom he had made my Preceptor, to conduct and advance my Heroic Designs. It was *the Son of Philip*, who planted Greek Colonies in all Asia, as far as the Indies; who formed Projects of Trade more great and extensive than his Empire itself; who laid the foundations of them in the midst of his Wars; who built Alexandria, to be the Centre and Staple of Commerce between Europe, Asia, and Africk; who sent Nearchus to navigate the Indian Seas, and proposed to have gone himself from those Seas to the Pillars of Hercules, that is to have explored the Passage round Africk, the Discovery of which has since done such Honour to Vasquez de Gama. It was *the Son of Philip*, who, after subduing the Persians, governed them with such Lenity, such Justice, such Wisdom, that they loved him even more than their natural Kings; and who, by Intermarriages, and all Methods most fit to produce a Coalition and Union between
the

See Plu-
tarch's Life
of Alexan-
der.

the Conquerors and the Conquered, cemented and modelled them into one People. But how did you, Sir, behave when your Arms were successful? What did you do to advance the Trade of your Subjects, to procure any Benefit to those you had vanquished, or to convert any Enemy into a Friend?

CHARLES.

When I might have made myself King of Poland, and was advised to do so, by Count Piper, my favourite Minister, I chose rather to act a generous Part, and give that kingdom to Stanislas, as you gave some of your Conquests in India to Porus, besides his own Realm, which you restored to him after you had beaten his Army and taken him Captive.

ALEXANDER.

I gave him the Government of those States *under me*, and as my *Lieutenant*; which was the best way of preserving my Power in Conquests where I could not leave Garrisons sufficient to keep them. The same Policy was afterwards practised by the Romans in the distant Parts of their

P 3 Empire.

Empire. But neither was I, nor were they so extravagant, as to conquer *only for Others*, or to dethrone Kings with no View, but merely to have the pleasure of bestowing their Crowns on some other Person of the same nation, without any advantage to ourselves or our People. Nevertheless, I will own, that my Expedition to India was an Exploit *of the Son of Jupiter*, not of *the Son of Philip*. I had done better if I had staid to give more Consistency to my Persian and Græcian Empires, instead of attempting more Conquests so soon. Yet this War was of Use to hinder my Troops from being corrupted by the Effeminacy of Asia, and to keep up that Awe of my Name, which was the great Support of my Power. And, whatever you may have done in other respects, you did not, I am sure, take example by me, in your behaviour to the King you had vanquished. Your obliging Augustus to write a *Letter of Congratulation* himself to the Person, whom in his stead you had made King of Poland, was the Reverse of my treatment of Porus and Darius. It was an ungenerous Insult upon his ill fortune! It was the Triumph of a *little* and a *low* Mind! The Visit you made him after

See Vol-
taire's

Charles. XII.

after that Insult was a farther contempt, offensive to him, and both useless and dangerous to yourself.

CHARLES.

I feared no Danger from it.—I knew he durst not use the Power I gave him of doing me Harm.

ALEXANDER.

If his Resentment had prevailed over his Fear, as it might, you would have perished by your Insolence and Presumption. For my part, intrepid as I was in all Dangers which I thought it was proper for me to meet, I never put myself one moment in the power of any Person whom I had offended. But you had the Rashness of *Folly* as well as of *Heroism*. A false Opinion conceived of your Enemy's Weakness proved at last your Undoing. When, in answer to some Propositions of Peace, sent to you by the Czar, you said, "*You would come and treat with him at Moscow;*" he replied very justly, "*That you affected to act like Alexander; but that you should not find in Him a Darius.*" And, doubtless, you ought to have been better acquainted with the Character of that Prince. Had Persia been

See Voltaire's
Charles XII.

governed by a *Peter Alexiowitz* when I attacked it, I should have acted more cautiously, and not have counted so much on the superiority of my Troops, in Valour and Discipline, over an Army led by a King, who was capable of instructing them in all that they wanted.

C H A R L E S.

The Battle of Narva, won by eight thousand Swedes against fourscore thousand Russians, seemed to authorize my contempt of them and their Prince.

A L E X A N D E R.

It happened that he was not himself in that Battle. But he had not as yet had the time that was necessary to discipline and instruct his barbarous Soldiers. You gave him that time, and he used it so well, that you found at Pultowa the Russians become quite a different Nation. Had you followed the Blow you gave them at Narva, and marched on to Moscow, you might have destroyed *their Hercules in his Cradle*. But you left him to grow, till his Strength was mature, and then acted as if he was still in his Childhood.

C H A R L E S.

CHARLES.

I must confess you excelled me in Conduct, in Policy, and in true Magnanimity. But my Liberality was not inferior to your's; and neither You nor any Mortal has ever surpassed me in the Enthusiasm of Courage and Valour. I was also free from those Vices which sullied your Character. I never was drunk; I killed no Friend in the Riot of a Feast; I fired no Palace at the Instigation of a Harlot.

ALEXANDER.

It may perhaps be admitted as some Excuse for my Drunkenness, that the Persians esteemed it an Excellence in their Kings to be able to drink a great deal of Wine, and the Macedonians were far from thinking it a Dishonour. But you were as frantic and cruel when sober, as I was when drunk.

You were sober when you resolved to continue in Turkey against the Will of the *Grand Signor*. You were sober when you commanded the unfortunate Patkull, whose only crime was his having maintained the Rights of his Country, and who bore the sacred Character of an Ambassador, to be broke

See Voltaire's
Charles XII.

broke alive on the Wheel, against the Laws of Nations, and those of Humanity, more inviolable still to a generous Mind. You were sober too when you wrote to the Senate of Sweden, who, upon a Report of your Death, endeavoured to take some care of your Kingdom, *that you would send them one of your Boots, and they should receive their Orders from That, if they pretended to meddle in Government*: An Insult much worse than any the Macedonians complained of from me, when I was most heated with Wine and with Adulation! As for my Chastity, it was not, I own, so perfect as your's, though I obtained great Praise for my Continence: but perhaps if you had been not quite so insensible to the Charms of the Sex, it would have mitigated and softened the Fierceness, the Pride, and the Obstinacy of your Nature.

C H A R L E S.

It would have softened me into a Woman, or, what I think meaner still, the Slave of a Woman. But I deny that you never were cruel or frantic unless you were drunk. You were not drunk, when you crucified Hephæstion's Physician, for not curing

curing a Man who killed himself by his Intemperance in his Sicknefs; nor when you facrificed to the Manes of that favourite Officer the whole Nation of the Cuffeans, Men, Women, and Children, who were entirely innocent of his Death; be-
cause you had read in Homer, that Achilles had immolated some Trojan Captives on the Tomb of Patroclus. I could mention more Proofs that your Paſſions inflamed you as much as Wine: but theſe are ſufficient.

ALEXANDER.

I can't deny that my Paſſions were ſometimes ſo violent as to take from me the Uſe of my Reaſon; eſpecially when the Pride of ſuch amazing Succeſſes, the Servitude of the Perſians, and Barbarian Flattery, had intoxicated my Mind. To bear, at my Age, ſuch Fortune as mine, with Moderation and Sobriety, was hardly in human Nature. As for you, there was an Exceſs and Intemperance in your Virtues, which turned them all into Vices. And one Virtue you wanted, which in a Prince is of very great moment, and which I poſſeſſed in the higheſt degree, namely,
the

the Love of Science and Arts. Under my Care and Protection they were carried in Greece to their utmost Perfection. You sunk them in Sweden, and were yourself as mere *a Goth*, as the Alaricks and the Genfericks your Predecessors. Aristotle, Apelles, and Lyfippus were among the Glories of my Reign: Your's was illustrated only by Battles. — Upon the whole, though from some Resemblance between us I should be inclined to decide in your Favour, yet I must give the Preference in Fame to your Enemy, Peter the Great. He *raised* his Country; You *ruined* your's. He was a *Legislator*, you were a *Tyrant*.





DIALOGUE XXI.

Cardinal XIMENES—Cardinal WOLSEY.

WOLSEY.

YOU seem to look on me, Ximenes, as if you imagined I was not your Equal. Have you forgotten that I was the Favourite and the First Minister of a Great King of England. That I was at once Lord High Chancellor, Bishop of Durham, Bishop of Winchester, Archbishop of York, and Cardinal Legate. On what other Subject were ever accumulated so many Dignities, such Honours, such Power!

XIMENES.

In order to prove yourself equal to me, you tell me *what you had*, and not *what you did*. But it is not the having great Offices; it is the doing great Things, that
makes

makes a great Minister. I know that for some years you governed the Mind of King Henry the eighth with an absolute Sway, and consequently his Kingdom. Let me hear then what were *the Acts of your Reign?*

W O L S E Y.

My *Acts* were those of a most skilful Courtier and able Politician. I managed a Temper, which Nature had made the hardest to manage, of any, perhaps, that ever existed, with so much address, that all its Passions were rendered entirely subservient to my Inclinations. In foreign Affairs, I disposed of the Friendship, or turned the Arms of my Master, to whichever side my own particular Interests changed to direct. It was not indeed with *Him*, but with *Me*, that Treaties were made by the Emperor or by France; and none were concluded that did not contain some Article in my Favour, besides secret Assurances of aiding my Ambition or my Resentment, which were the true Springs of the Negotiations. At home I brought the Pride of the English Nobility to humble itself, and bow to the Son of a *Butcher of Ipswich*. And as my Power was *Royal*,
my

my State and Magnificence were suitable to it: My Buildings, my Furniture, my Household, my Equipage, my Liberalities, and my Charities, were all above the rank of a Subject.

XIMENES.

From all you have said it appears that you gained great Advantages *for yourself* in the course of your Ministry, too great indeed for a good Man to desire, or a wise Man to accept. But what did you do for *your Prince*, for *the State*? — You make me no Answer. — What I did is well known. I was not content with obliging the Pride of the Spanish Nobility to stoop to my Power, but delivered *the People* from their Oppressions. In you they respected the Royal Authority; I made them respect *the Majesty of the Laws*. I also relieved the Commons of Castile from a most grievous Burthen, by an Alteration in the Method of Collecting their Taxes. After the Death of Isabella I preserved the Tranquillity of Arragon and Castile, by procuring the Regency of the latter for Ferdinand, though he had not been my Friend during the Life of the Queen. And when I was raised myself to the Regency after the

decease

See Marso-
lier Vie de
Ximesne.

decease of that Prince, by the Esteem and Affection of the Castilians, I acted with Courage, Firmness, and Prudence; with the most perfect Disinterestedness in regard to myself, and with the most zealous Concern for the Public. I suppressed all the Factions which threatened to disturb the Peace of that Kingdom in the Minority and the Absence of the young King; and stopped the discontents of the People of Castile, too justly incensed against the Flemish Ministers, who governed their Prince and pillaged their Country, from breaking out into open Rebellion, as they did, most unhappily, after my Death. These were my *Civil Acts*: but to compleat the Renown of my Administration, I added to it the Palm of Military Glory. At my own charges, and acting myself at the head of an Army, I conquered Oran from the Moors, and annexed it to the Spanish Dominions.

W O L S E Y.

My Soul was as elevated and noble as your's; my Understanding as strong, and more refined. But the Difference of our Conduct arose from the Difference of our Objects. Your's was to raise your Reputation,
and

and secure your Power in Castile, by making that kingdom as happy, as flourishing, and as Great as you could. Mine was to procure *the Triple Crown* for myself by the Assistance of my Sovereign and of Foreign Powers. Each of us took the most proper Means to attain his Desire.

XIMENES.

Can you confess such a Principle of your Conduct without a Blush? But you will at least be ashamed, that you failed in your View, and were the Dupe of the Powers with whom you negotiated; after having dishonoured your Master, in order to serve your own selfish Ambition. I accomplished my Purpose, with Glory to my Sovereign, and Advantage to my Country. Besides this Difference, there was a great one in the Methods by which we acquired our Power. We both owed it indeed to the favour of Princes; but I gained Isabella's by the Opinion she had of my Piety and Integrity: You gained Henry's by a Complaisance and a course of Life which were a Reproach to your Character and your Order.

Q

WOLSEY.

W O L S E Y.

I did not, I confess, carry with me to Court the Austerity of a Monk; as you did, Ximenes: nor, if I had, could I have gained any Influence there. Isabella and Henry were different Characters, and their Favour was to be sought in a different Manner. By making myself agreeable to my Prince, I so governed his Passions, that, while I lived, they did not produce those dreadful Effects that arose from them presently after my Death. He was like a fiery Steed, which, when rid by a skilful Horseman, only foams, and champs the Bitt; but, if mounted by one who does not understand the Management of him, breaks the Curb that restrains him, leaps over all Fences, and throws to the Ground his ignorant Rider.

X I M E N E S.

If Henry the Eighth had been king of Castile, I would not have been drawn by him out of my Cloister. A Man of Virtue and Spirit will never desire to go into a Court, where he cannot rise without Baseness.

W O L S E Y.

WOLSEY.

The Inflexibility of your Mind had like to have ruined you in some of your Measures: and the Bigottry, which you had derived from your long Abode in a Cloister and retained when a Minister, was very near depriving Castile of its new-conquered Realm of Granada, by the Revolt of the Moors in that City, whom you forced prematurely to change their Religion. You must remember how angry King Ferdinand was with you on that account: and surely he had reason!

See Marfo-
lier Vie de
Ximesne.

XIMENES.

I own he had. — My Zeal for Religion was too hot and severe.

WOLSEY.

The unjust and inhuman Court of Inquisition, established by you to watch over the Faith of your Converts at Granada, Converts only in name, has since been the Disgrace and Ruin of Spain. My worst Complaisances to Henry the Eighth were far less hurtful to England, than this Jurisdiction, which you settled in it, has been to your Country.

X I M E N E S.

I only revived an ancient Tribunal, instituted first by one of our *Saints* against the Albigenses, and gave it greater Powers. The Mischiefs attending it can't be denied. But if any Force may be used for the Maintenance of Religion (and the Church of Rome has, you know, declared that it may) none could be so effectual to answer the Purpose.

W O L S E Y.

This is an Argument rather against the Opinion of the Church, than for the Inquisition. I will only say, I think myself very happy, that my Administration was stained with no Action of Cruelty, not even Cruelty sanctified by the name of Religion. My Temper indeed was much milder than your's. To the Proud I was proud; but to my Friends and Inferiors I was benevolent, kind, and humane. Had I succeeded in the great Object of my Ambition, had I acquired the Popedom, I should have governed the Church with much more Moderation, and better Sense, than you would have done, if you had exchanged the See of Toledo for that of Rome.

Rome. My Good-nature, my Policy, my Taste for Magnificence, my Love of the fine Arts, of Wit, and of Learning, would have made me the Delight of all the Italians, and have given me a rank among the greatest Princes. Whereas in you the sour Bigot and rigid Monk would have prevailed over the Statesman and over the Prince.

XIMENES.

What you or I should have been in that situation does not appear. But if you are compared to me as a Minister, you are vastly inferior. The only Circumstance in which you can justly pretend to any Equality is the Encouragement given by you to Learning, and your Munificence to promote it, which was indeed very great. Your Colleges founded at Ipswich and Oxford may vie with my University at *Alcala de Henara*. But in our Generosity there was this Difference: All my Revenues were spent in well-placed Liberalities, in Acts of Charity, Piety, Virtue: Whereas a great Part of your lavish Expences were laid out in Luxury and vain Ostentation. With regard to all other

Points my Superiority is apparent. You were only a Favourite : I was the Friend and the Father of the People. You served the King, or rather yourself : I served the State. The Conclusion of our Lives was also much more to my Honour than your's. I died in Disgrace, as well as you : but my Disgrace was brought upon me by a Faction of Foreigners, to whose Power, as a good Spaniard, I would not submit. A Minister who falls a Victim to such an Opposition Rises by his Fall. It is the noblest End he can wish. Your's was not graced by any Public Cause, any Merit to the Nation. Your Spirit therefore sunk under it ; you bore it with Meanness. Mine was unbroken, superior to my Enemies, superior to Fortune ; and I died as I had lived ; with all the same Dignity and Greatness of mind.

D I A L O G U E



DIALOGUE XXII.

LUCIAN — RABELAIS.

LUCIAN.

FRIEND Rabelais, well met. — Our Souls are good company for one another. We both were great Wits, and most audacious Freethinkers. We laughed often at Folly, and sometimes at Wisdom. I was indeed more correct and more elegant in my Style: but then, in return, you had a greater Fertility of Imagination. My *True History* is much inferior, in Fancy and Invention, in Force of Wit and Keeness of Satire, to your *History of the Acts of Garagantua and Pantagruel*.

RABELAIS.

You do me great Honour: but I really think, that both those books entitle their

Authors to a good Place, among Memoire-writers, Travallers, and even Historians ancient and modern.

LUCIAN.

Doubtless they do. But will you allow me to ask you one Question. Why did you write such absolute *Nonsense*, as you have in some Places of your illustrious Work?

RABELAIS.

I was forced to compound my Physic for the Mind with a large Dose of Nonsense, to make it go down. In plain terms, if I had not so frequently put on *the Fool's Cap*, the freedoms I took with *Cowls*, with *red Hats*, and *the triple Crown itself*, would have brought me into great danger. Not only my Book, but I, should have been probably condemned to the Flames. And Martyrdom was an Honour to which I must own I never aspired. I therefore counterfeited Folly, like Junius Brutus, from a wise Principle of Self-preservation. You, Lucian, had no need to use so much Caution. Your Heathen Priests desired only a Sacrifice now and then from an Epicurean, as a Mark of *Conformity*; and
allowed

allowed him to make as free as he pleased, in Conversation or Writings, with the whole Tribe of Gods and Goddeses, from Jupiter down to *the Dog Anubis* and the fragrant Dame *Cloacina*.

LUCIAN.

Say rather our Government allowed us that liberty! for I assure you our Priests were by no means pleased with it, at least in my time.

RABELAIS.

They were great Fools if they were: for, in spite of the Conformity required by the Laws, and enforced by the Magistrate, that Ridicule brought the System of Pagan Theology into contempt, not only with the Philosophical Part of Mankind, but even with the Vulgar.

LUCIAN.

It did so, and the ablest Defenders of Paganism were forced to give up the Poetical Fables, and *allegorize the whole*.

RABELAIS.

An excellent way of drawing Sense out of Folly, and grave Instructions from
Lewdness

Lewdness and Vice! There is a great modern Wit, Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, who, in his Treatise entitled *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, has done more for you that way than all your own Priests!

L U C I A N.

He has indeed shewn himself an admirable Chymist, and made a fine Transmutation of Folly into Wisdom. But all the latter Platonists took the same Method of defending our Faith, when it was attacked by the Christians: and a judicious Method it was. Our Fables say, that, in one of their Wars with the Titans, the Gods were defeated, and forced to turn themselves into *Beasts*, to escape from the Conquerors. Just the Reverse happened here: — For, by this happy Art, our *beastly Divinities* were turned into rational Beings again.

R A B E L A I S.

Give me a good Commentator, with a subtle, refined, Philosophical Head; and see whether he will not be able to draw *the most sublime Allegories*, and the most venerable *Mystical Truths*, from my History of the noble Garagantua and Pantagruel!

gruel! I don't despair of being proved, to the entire Satisfaction of some future Age, to be the profoundest *Divine* and *Metaphysician* that ever wrote.

LUCIAN.

I shall rejoice to see you advanced to that Honour. But in the mean time I may take the liberty to consider you as one of our Class. There you sit very high.

RABELAIS.

I am afraid there is another whom you would bid sit above me, and a modern Author too: I mean Dr. Swift.

LUCIAN.

It was not necessary for him to throw *so much Nonsense* into his History of Lemuel Gulliver, as you did into that of your two famous Heroes; and his Style is by far more pure and correct. His Wit never descended (as your's often did) into the lowest of Taverns, nor wore the meanest Garb of the Vulgar. But whether there was not in your compositions more *Fire*, and a more *Comic Spirit*, I will not determine.

RABELAIS.

RABELAIS.

If you will not determine it, e'en let it remain a Point in dispute, as I have left the great Question, *Whether Panurge should marry or not?* For my own part, I can say nothing to it: I am no Critic — I would as soon undertake to measure the difference between the Height and Bulk of the Giant Garagantua and His Brobdignian Majesty, as the difference of Merit between my Writings and Swift's. If any Man takes a fancy to like my Book, let him freely enjoy the delight that it gives him, and drink to my Memory in a Bumper. If another likes Gulliver, let him toast Dr. Swift. Were I upon Earth, I would pledge him in a Bumper, that is, *supposing the Wine to be good*. If a third likes neither of us, let him silently pass the Bottle, and be quiet.

LUCIAN.

But what if he will not be quiet? A Critic is an unquiet Creature.

RABELAIS.

— Why then he will disturb himself, but not me.

LUCIAN.

LUCIAN.

You are a greater Philosopher still than I thought you! I knew very well you paid no respect to Popes, or to Kings; but to pay none to Critics is a Magnanimity in an Author beyond all Example.

RABELAIS.

My Life was a Farce: my Death was a Farce: and would you have me make my Book a serious Affair? As for you, though in general you are but a Joker, yet sometimes you must be ranked among the grave Authors. You have writ sage Dissertations on History, and other grave Matters. The Critics have therefore a Right to maul you: they find you in their Province. But if they dare to come into mine, I will order Garagantua to swallow them up, as he did the six Pilgrims, in his next Sallad.

See Rabelais, l. i. c. 38.

LUCIAN.

Have I not heard that you wrote a very good serious Book, on the Aphorisms of Hippocrates?

RABELAIS.

RABELAIS.

Upon my Faith, I had forgot it. I am so used to my *Fool's coat*, that I don't know myself in my grave *Doctor's Gown*. But you say very truly ; that Book was indeed a good, serious Work. Yet no body reads it ; and if I had writ nothing else, I should have been reckoned at best a *Lacquey to Hippocrates* : whereas the Historian of *Friar John* and *Panurge* is an eminent *Writer*. Good Sense is, like a Dish of plain Beef or Mutton, proper only for Peasants ; but a *Ragout of Folly*, well dressed with a *sharp Sauce of Wit*, is fit to be served at an Emperor's Table.

LUCIAN.

You are a rare, pleasant Fellow ! Let me embrace you. — How Apollo and the Muses may rank you on Parnassus I am not very sure : but, if I were Master of the Ceremonies on Mount Olympus, you should be placed at the right hand of Momus.

RABELAIS.

I wish you were — but I fear the Inhabitants of those sublime Regions will like

like your company no better than mine. Indeed, how Momus himself could get thither I can't comprehend! It has been usual, I own, in our Courts upon Earth, to have a priviledged Jester, called *the King's Fool*. But in the Court of Heaven one should not have supposed such an Officer, as *Jupiter's Fool*. Your Allegorical Theology *there* was a little absurd.

LUCIAN.

I think our Priests admitted Momus into our Heaven, as the Indians worship the Devil through Fear. They had a mind to keep fair with him. — For, we may talk of the *Giants* as much as we please; but to *our Gods* there is no Enemy so dreadful as He. *Ridicule* is the Scourge of all *false Religion*. Nothing but *Truth* can stand its attacks.

RABELAIS.

Truth, when she is set in a good and fair Light, can stand its Attacks: but they are often so teasing and so fallacious, that I have seen them put her Ladyship very much out of humour.

LUCIAN.

LUCIAN.

Ay; and sometimes out of Countenance too. But *Truth* and *Wit* joined will strike Momus dumb. When they are in Alliance they are invincible: and such an Alliance is necessary upon certain Occasions. *False Reasoning* is best exposed by *Plain Sense*; but *Wit* is the best Opponent to *false Ridicule*; as *just Ridicule* is to all the *Absurdities*; which dare to assume the venerable Names of *Philosophy*, or *Religion*. Had we always made such a Use of our Talents; had we employed our Ridicule to strip the foolish Faces of Superstition, Fanaticism, and Dogmatical Pride, of the serious and solemn Masks with which they are covered; at the same time exerting our Wit, to combat the Flippancy and Pertness of Those, who argue only by Jests against Reason and Evidence, in Points of the highest and most serious Concern, we should have much better deserved the Esteem of Mankind, and should have reflected *here* on our Writings, with much more Satisfaction than we can now, whatever outward Gaiety we may affect.

DIALOGUE



DIALOGUE XXIII.

PERICLES.

COSMODE MEDICIS, the First of that Name.

PERICLES.

IN what I have heard of your Character and your Fortune, illustrious Cosmo, I find a great Resemblance with mine. We both lived in Republics where the chief Power was in the People; and, without any Force, by mere civil Acts, but more especially by our Eloquence, attained to such a degree of Authority, that we ruled those tumultuous and stormy Democracies with an absolute Sway, turned the Tempests which agitated them upon our Enemies, and after having long and prosperously conducted the greatest Affairs, in War and in Peace, died revered and lamented by all our Fellow-Citizens.

See Plutarch's Life of Pericles, and Thucydides, l. 2. See also Machiavel's History of Florence from the fourteenth Book to the eighth.

R

COSMO.

C O S M O.

We both indeed have an equal Right to value ourselves on *that noblest of Empires*, the Empire we gained over *the Minds* of our Countrymen. — *Force* or *Caprice* may give *Power*, but nothing can give *a lasting Authority*, except *Wisdom* and *Virtue*. By these we obtained, by these we preserved, in our several Countries, a Dominion unstained by Usurpation or Blood, a Dominion conferred on us by the public Esteem and the public Affection. We were in reality Sovereigns, while we lived with the Simplicity of private Men : and Athens and Florence seemed to be free, though they obeyed all our Dictates. This is more than was done by Philip of Macedon, or Sylla, or Cæsar. It is the Perfection of Policy to tame the fierce Spirit of popular Liberty, not by Blows, or by Chains, but by soothing it into a willing obedience, and making it lick the Hand that restrains it.

P E R I C L E S.

The Task can never be easy ; but it was still harder to me than to you. For I had a Lion to tame, from whose Fury the
greatest

greatest Men of my Country, and of the whole World, could not save themselves, after having performed the most glorious Exploits. Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristides were Examples of Terror to me, that might well have deterred me from the Administration of public Affairs. Another Difficulty in my way was the Power of Cimon, who for his Goodness, his Liberality, and the Lustre of his great Victories over the Persians, was much beloved by the People; and, at the same time, by his being thought to favour Aristocracy, had all the noble and rich Citizens attached to his Party. Yet, by the charms and force of my Eloquence, which exceeded that of all Orators contemporary with me, by the Integrity of my Life, my Moderation, and my Prudence, but, above all, by my Influence over the People, whose Power I encreased, and made it the Basis and Support of my own, I gained such an Ascendant over all my Opponents, that having first procured the Banishment of Cimon by *Ostracism*, and then of Thucydides, another formidable Antagonist, set up by the Nobles against my Authority, I became the unrivalled Chief, or rather the *Monarch* of the

Athenian State, without ever putting to death, in above forty Years that my Administration continued, one of my Fellow-Citizens : a circumstance, which I declared, when I lay on my Death-bed, to be, in my own Judgment, more honourable to me, than all my Prosperity in the Government, or the nine Trophies, which I had erected for so many Victories, which I had won.

C O S M O.

I had the same Happiness to boast of at my Death. Some Additions also were made to the Territories of Florence under my Government : but I myself was no Soldier, and our Republic was not, in any degree, either so warlike or potent as Athens. I must therefore entirely yield you the Palm of Military Glory : and I will likewise acknowledge, that to govern a People, whose Spirit and Pride were exalted by the Victories of Marathon, Mycalé, Salamis, and Plataea, was more difficult than to rule the Florentines and the Tuscans. The Liberty of the Athenians was in your time more imperious, more haughty, more insolent, than the Despotism of the King of Persia. How
great

great then must have been your Ability and Address, that could so reduce it under your Power! Yet the Temper of my Countrymen was not easy to govern: for it was exceedingly factious and prone to Sedition. The History of Florence is little else, for several Ages, than a History of Conspiracies and Civil Wars. In my Youth I myself suffered much by the Dissentions that embroiled the Republic. I was imprisoned, and banished; but after some Years was brought back in Triumph! My Enemies, in their turn, were driven into Exile: and from that time till my Death, which was above thirty Years, I governed the State, not by Arms, or evil Arts of Tyrannical Power, but with a legal Authority; which I exercised so, as to gain the Esteem of all the neighbouring Princes or Commonwealths, and such a constant Affection of all my Fellow-Citizens, that an Inscription, which gave me the Title of *Father of my Country*, was engraved on my Monument by a Decree of the whole Commonwealth.

PERICLES.

Your End in some respects was more happy than mine. For you died, rather

of Age than a violent Illness, and left the Florentines in a State of Peace and Prosperity procured by your Counsels. But I died of the Plague, after having seen it almost depopulate Athens; and left my Country engaged in a dangerous War, to which my Advice had excited the People. The Misfortune of the Pestilence, with the inconveniencies they endured on account of the War, so irritated their Minds, that, not long before my Death, they condemned me to a Fine: Yet they soon afterwards chose me their General, and conferred on me again the entire Direction of all their Affairs. Had I lived, I should have so conducted the War, as to have ended it with Advantage and Honour to Athens. For, having secured to her the Sovereignty of the Sea, by the Defeat of the Samians, before I let her engage with the power of Sparta, I knew that our Enemies would be at length wearied out and compelled to a Peace: because the City, being too strong for them to besiege with such an Army within it, and drawing continual Supplies from the Sea, suffered not much by their Ravages of the Country about it, from whence I had before removed all the Inhabitants: whereas their Allies were un-
done

done by the Descents we made on their Coasts.

C O S M O.

You seem to have understood beyond all other Men what Advantages are to be drawn from a *Maritime Power*, and how to make it the surest Foundation of *Empire*.

P E R I C L E S.

I followed the Plan traced out by Themistocles, the ablest Politician that Greece had produced. Nor did I begin the Peloponnesian War (as some have supposed) only to make myself necessary, and stop an Enquiry into my Accounts. I really thought, that Athens could not defer any longer her Contest with Sparta, without giving up to that State the Precedence in the Direction of Greece, and her own Independence. To delay even a necessary War, with a View of making it afterwards more advantageously, is a most prudent Act: but not to make it, when you perceive, that you will be weakened, and your Enemy strengthened by the Delay, is the highest Imprudence. With regard to my accounts I had nothing to fear. I had not

See Thucydides, l. 2.

See Plutarch
in the Life
of Pericles
and Diodo-
rus Siculus.

Thucydides,
l. 2.

embezzled one *Drachma* of public Money, nor added one to my own paternal Estate; and the People had shewn such a Confidence in me, that they had allowed me to dispose of large Sums for *secret Service*, without account. When therefore I advised the Peloponnesian War, I neither acted from private Views, nor with the Temerity of a restless Ambition; but as became a wise Statesman, who, having weighed all the Dangers that may attend a great Enterprize, and seeing a rational Hope of Success, chuses to fight for Dominion and Glory, instead of losing both for the sake of an insecure Peace.

C O S M O,

How were you sure of being able to keep so lively a People to so steady and patient a System of Conduct as you had laid down: a System attended with much Inconvenience and Loss to Particulars, while it offered but little to strike or inflame the Imagination of the Public? Arduous Enterprizes, a vigorous War, and a speedy Decision, are what the Multitude always desire: but your Plan was the very Reverse of all this: and the Execution of it

it required the Temper of the Thebans, rather than of the Athenians.

P E R I C L E S.

I found indeed many Symptoms of their Impatience; but I was able to check and restrain it, by the Authority I had acquired over their Minds. For I never had stooped to court their Affection by any base Means; never flattered them in their Follies, nor complied with their Passions against their true Interests and my own Judgment; but used the Power of my Eloquence to keep them in the bounds of a wise Moderation, to raise their Spirits, when they were too low, and shew them their Danger when they grew too presumptuous, the good Effects of which Conduct they had experienced in all their Affairs. Whereas Those who succeeded to me in the Government, by their Incapacity, their Corruption, and their servile Complaisance to the Humour of the People, lost all the Fruits of my Virtue and Prudence. Xerxes himself did not suffer more by the Flattery of his Courtiers, than the Athenians did by the Flattery of their Orators after my Death.

C O S M O.

See Machia-
vel's History
of Florence,
l. 7.

See Plu-
tarch's Life
of Pericles.

Those Orators could not gain the Favour of the People by any other Methods. Your Arts were more noble : they were the Arts of a Statesman and of a Prince. Your Magnificent Buildings, which in Beauty of Architecture surpassed any the World had ever beheld, the Statues of Phidias, the Paintings of Xeuxis, the Protection you gave to Knowledge and Genius of every kind, added as much to the Glory of Athens as to your Popularity. And in this I may boast of any equal Merit to Florence. For I embellished that City and the Country about it with excellent Buildings ; I protected all Arts ; and, tho' I was not myself so learned as you, I paid as much Honour as you did to Those who were eminent for their Learning. Marfilius Ficinus, *the second Father of the Platonic Philosophy*, lived in my House, and conversed with me as intimately as Anaxagoras did with you. Nor did I ever forget and suffer him so to want the Necessaries of Life, as you did Anaxagoras, who had liked to have perished by that Neglect : but to secure him from any Distress in his Circumstances, and enable him to pursue his

his sublime Speculations undisturbed by low cares, I gave him an Estate adjacent to one of my favourite Villas. I also drew to Florence Argiropolo, the most learned Greeks of those times, that under my Patronage he might instruct the Florentine Youth in the Languages and Sciences of his Country. But with regard to our Buildings there is this Difference: Your's were all raised at the Expence of the Public, mine at my own.

PERICLES.

My Estate would not bear a lavish Profuseness, nor allow me to exert the Generosity of my Nature. It was so small, that I was obliged to observe a very strict and frugal Oeconomy, in order to support the necessary charges of my small Household. Whereas your Wealth exceeded that of any Particular, or indeed any Prince, who lived in your Days. The Commerce which you carried on in all parts of the World, even while you were placed at the helm of the State, enabled you to do those liberal Acts, which rendered your name so illustrious, and endeared you so much to the People of Florence. For my part, I was forced to
make

See Plutarch
in the Life
of Pericles
and Thucy-
dides, l. 2.

make the public Treasure the Fund of my Bounties, and I thought I could not dispose of it better in time of Peace, than in employing that part of the People, which must else have been idle and useless to the Community, introducing into Greece all the elegant Arts, and adorning my Country with Works that do Honour to Human Nature. For, while I attended the most to these civil and peaceful Occupations, I did not neglect to provide against War, nor suffer the Nation to sink into Luxury and effeminate Softness. I kept our Fleets in continual Exercise, maintained a great number of Seamen in Pay, and disciplined well our Land-forces. Nor did I ever cease, both by Precepts and by Example, to recommend to the Athenians Frugality, Temperance, Magnanimity, Fortitude, and whatever could most contribute to strengthen their Bodies and Minds.

C o s m o.

Yet I have heard you condemned for rendering the People less sober and modest, by giving them part of the conquered Lands, and paying them Wages for their Attendance in the public Assemblies, and other

other civil functions to which they were bound; besides the vast Expence to the State in the Theatrical Spectacles with which you entertained them at the cost of the Public.

P E R I C L E S.

Perhaps I might be too lavish in those Bounties to them.—Yet, in a Popular State it is necessary, that the People should be amused, and should so far partake of the Wealth of the Public, as not to suffer any Want, which would render their Minds too low and too fordid for their Political Duties. In my time the Revenues of the State were sufficient to bear this Expence: but afterwards, when we had lost the greatest part of our Empire, it became, I must own, too heavy a burthen; and the continuance of it proved one Cause of our Ruin.

C O S M O.

It is a most dangerous Thing to load the State with Largeesses of that nature, or indeed with any unnecessary, but *popular* Charges; because to reduce them is almost impossible, though the circumstances of the Public should ever so strongly demand

a Reduction. But did not you likewise, in order to advance your own Greatness, throw into the hands of the People more Power than the Institutions of Solon had entrusted them with, and more than conduced to the Good of the State?

P E R I C L E S.

We are now in the Regions where Truth presides, and I dare not offend her by playing *the Orator*, in defence of my Conduct. It is too true, that by weakening the Power of *the Court of Areopagus*, I tore up *that Anchor*, which Solon had fixed, to keep his Republic steadfast and firm, against the Storms of Popular Factions. This Alteration, which fundamentally hurt the whole State, I made, to serve my own Views of Ambition, the only Passion in my Nature which I could not contain within the Limits of Virtue. For, by diminishing the Counterpoise that our Constitution had settled to check the Excess of Popular Power, I augmented my own: because I knew that my Eloquence would subject the People to me, and make them the Instruments of all my Desires: whereas the Areopagus, had an Authority and a Dignity in it which I could not controul.

Since

See Plutarch in the Lives of Solon, and of Pericles.

Since my Death I have been often severely reproached by the Shades of some of the best and wisest Athenians, who, in consequence of this Change that I made in their Government, have fallen Victims to the Caprice or Rage of the People, with having been the first Cause of the Injustice they suffered, and of all the Mischiefs that were perpetually brought on my Country, by rash Undertakings, bad Conduct, and fluctuating Councils. They say, I delivered up the State to the Power of indiscreet or venal Orators, and to the Passions of a misguided, infatuated Multitude, who thought their Freedom consisted in encouraging Calumnies against the best Servants of the Republic, and conferring Power on those who had no other Merit than falling in with and soothing a popular Folly. In vain do I plead, that during my Life none of these Mischiefs happened; that I employed my Rhetoric to promote none but good and wise measures; that I was as free from any Taint of Avarice or Corruption as Aristides himself. They reply, that when I took off from the Power of the People that necessary Curb, which our wise Lawgiver had placed, or at least had confirmed, in the Court of the Areopagus,

See Thucydides, l. 2.

I became answerable to my Country for all the great Evils, which were brought upon it for want of such a salutary Restraint. Socrates calls me the Patron of *Anytus*; and Solon himself frowns upon me, whenever we meet.

C O S M O.

He has reason to do so; — for what would you think of the Architect you employed in your Buildings at Athens, if he had made them to last only during your Life? Certainly the best Citizen in a free Country is not he who is satisfied with governing wisely for his own time; but he who leaves the Government in such a state, that no others shall have the power of abusing their Trust, and hurting the Republic.

P E R I C L E S.

I agree to your Maxim: but I fear it will turn to your own condemnation.

See Machiavel's History of Florence, l. 7.

Your excessive Liberalities to the indigent Citizens, and the great Sums you lent to all the noble Families, did in reality *buy* the Republic of Florence; and gave your Family such a Power, as enabled them

them to convert it from a Popular State into an absolute Government.

COSMO.

The Florentines were so infested with Discord and Faction, and their Commonwealth was so void of *Military Virtue*, that they could not have long been exempt from Subjection to some *foreign Power*, if those internal Dissentions, with the Confusion and Anarchy they caused, had continued. I and my Family have preserved them, for more than two Centuries, an independent State, during which they have enjoyed a most happy Tranquillity, adorned with the Lustre of every Science and every Art. But the Athenians had done very glorious Exploits, had obtained a great Empire, and were one of the noblest States in the World, before you altered their Constitution. And after that Change they declined very fast, till they lost all their Greatness.

PERICLES.

Their Constitution had from the first a foul Blemish in it, I mean *the Ban of Ostracism*, which alone was sufficient to undo any State. For there is nothing of
 S such

such important Use to a Nation, as that Men who excel in Wisdom and Virtue should be encouraged to undertake the Business of Government. But this detestable Custom deterred such Men from serving the Public, or, if they ventured to do so, turned even their Wisdom and Virtue against them; so that in Athens it was safer to be *infamous* than *renowned*. We are told indeed by the Advocates for this strange Institution, that it was not a *Punishment*, but only a *Guard to the Liberty of the State*: as if Words could change the nature of Things, and make a Banishment of ten Years inflicted on a Man by the Suffrages of his Countrymen no Evil to him, or no Offence against Justice, and the natural Right every Freeman may claim, that he shall not be driven from any Society, of which he is a Member, without being proved guilty of some criminal Action.

C O S M O.

The Ostracism was indeed a most grievous Fault in the Athenian Constitution. It placed *Envy in the Seat of Justice*, and gave men a *legal Right to do Wrong*. Other Nations are blamed for *tolerating Vice*;

Vice; but the Athenians alone would not *tolerate Virtue*. No State is well modelled, which cannot preserve the Liberty it enjoys without a Violation of natural Justice: nor would a Friend to *true Freedom*, which consists in being governed, not by *Men*, but by *Laws*, wish to live in a Country, where a *Cleon* bore Rule, and where an *Aristides* could not be endured. But instead of curing this Evil you made it worse. You rendered the People still more intractable, more adverse to Virtue, less subject to the Laws, and more to impressions from mischievous Demagogues, than they had been before your time.

PERICLES.

I did so; — and therefore my Place in Elysium, notwithstanding the Integrity which I preserved in my whole public Conduct, and the great Virtues which I exerted, is much below that of Those, who have governed Republics, or limited Monarchies, not merely with a concern for their *present Advantage*, but with a prudent Regard to that *Ballance of Power* on which their *permanent Happiness* always depends.



DIALOGUE XXIV.

LOCKE — BAYLE.

BAYLE.

YES; we both were Philosophers;
but my Philosophy was the deepest.
You *dogmatized*, and I *doubted*.

LOCKE.

Do you make *Doubting* a Proof of
Depth in Philosophy? It may be a good
Beginning of it, but it is a bad End.

BAYLE.

No:—the more profound our Searches
are into the nature and reason of Things,
the more Uncertainty we shall find; and
the most subtle Minds see Objections and
Difficulties in every System, which are
overlooked

overlooked or undiscoverable by ordinary Understandings.

L O C K E.

It would be better then to be no Philosopher, and to keep in the vulgar Herd of Mankind, *that one may have the convenience of thinking that one knows something*. I find that the Eyes which Nature has given me see many things very clearly, though some are out of the reach of their Sight. What should I think of a Physician, who should propose to me an Eye-water, that would at first so sharpen their sight, as to carry it farther than ordinary Vision; but would in the end put them out, and make me quite blind? Would it not be Wisdom in me, either never to use his receipt, or to stop before it had had its full Operation? Your Philosophy, Monsieur Bayle, is to the Eyes of the Mind what I have supposed the Doctor's *Nostrum* to be to those of the Body. It actually brought your fine Understanding, which was by Nature very quick-sighted, and rendered more so by Art and a Subtilty of Logic peculiar to yourself, it brought, I say, your fine Understanding to see nothing clearly, and enveloped all the great

Truths of Reason and Religion in Mists of Doubt.

B A Y L E.

I own it did; — but your comparison, Sir, is not just. I did not see well, before I used my Philosophic Eye-water: I only *supposed* I saw well; but I was in an Error with the rest of Mankind. The Blindness was real, the perceptions were imaginary. I cured myself first of those false Imaginations, and then I endeavoured to cure other Men.

L O C K E.

A great cure indeed! and don't you think that they ought to erect you a Statue for the Service you did them?

B A Y L E.

Yes; it is good for Human Nature to know its own Weakness. When we presume on a Strength we have not, we are in great danger of hurting ourselves, or at least of deserving Ridicule and Contempt by vain and idle Efforts.

L O C K E.

LOCKE.

I agree with you, Human Nature should know its own Weakness; but it should also feel its own Strength, and try to improve it. This was my Business, as a Philosopher. I endeavoured to discover the Powers of the Mind, to see what it could do, and what it could not; to restrain it from Efforts beyond its Ability, but to teach it how to advance as far as its natural Powers could go. In the vast Ocean of Philosophy I sailed with the Line and Plummets always in my hands. Rocks and Quick-sands I frequently met in my way: but the care I took in sounding made me escape them. I brought home some Truths of use to Mankind, and they esteem me their Benefactor.

BAYLE.

Their Ignorance makes them think so. Some other Philosopher will come hereafter and shew those Truths to be Falshoods. He will pretend to discover other Truths of equal Importance. Some other will come and discredit him too. In Philosophy, as in Nature, all changes its form, and one thing exists by the Destruction of another.

LOCKE.

Opinions taken up without a patient Investigation, depending on terms not clearly defined, and Principles begged or assumed without Proof, like Theories to explain the Phænomena of Nature built on Suppositions instead of Experiments, must perpetually change and destroy one another. But some Opinions there are, so founded in truth and probable Evidence, which the Mind has received on such rational Grounds of Assent, that they are as immoveable as the Pillars of Heaven, or (to speak Philosophically) as the great Laws of Nature, by which under GOD the Universe is sustained. Do you think, Monsieur Bayle, that because the Hypothesis of Descartes, your Countryman, which was nothing but an ingenious, well-imagined Romance, has been lately exploded, the System of Newton, which is built on Experiments and Geometry, the two surest Methods of discovering Truth, will ever fail? Or that, because the Whims of Fanaticks and the Divinity of the Schoolmen cannot be supported, the Doctrines of that Religion, which I, the declared Enemy of all Enthusiasm

thufiasm and false Reasoning, believed and maintained, will ever be shaken?

BAYLE.

If you had asked Descartes, while he was in the Height of his Vogue, whether his System would be ever confuted by any other Philofopher's, as that of Aristotle had been by his, what Answer do you think he would have returned?

LOCKE.

Come, come, Monsieur Bayle, you yourfelf know the difference between the foundations, on which the credit of thofe Systems is placed. Your Scepticifm is more affected than real. You found it a fhorter way to a great Reputation, (the only paffion of your Heart) to *object*, than *defend*, to *pull down*, than *set up*. Your Talents were admirable for that kind of Work. No Man had ever fo artful a Method of turning to the Eye the dark fide of a Queftion, and hiding that part on which the Light of Evidence fhone. Then your way of huddling together, in a critical Dictionary, a pleafant Tale, or an obfcene Jeft, and an Argument againft the Chriftian Religion; a witty confutation of fome
abfurd

absurd Author, and an artful Sophism to impeach some respectable Truth, was extremely commodious to all our young Smarts and Smatterers in Free-thinking. Thus has your Fame been widely diffused. But what Mischief have you not done to Human Society? You have endeavoured, and with some degree of Success, to shake those foundations, on which the whole Moral World, and the great Fabric of social Happiness, entirely rests. How could you answer for this to your Conscience, even supposing that in your mind you had any Doubts of the Truth of a System, which gives to Virtue its sweetest Hopes, to impenitent Vice its greatest Fears, and to true Penitence its best Consolations: which checks even the least Approaches to Guilt, and yet makes those Allowances for the Infirmities of our Nature, which the Stoic Pride denied to it, but which the Imperfection of it requires?

BAYLE.

The Mind is *free*; and it loves to exert its own *Freedom*. Any Restraint upon it is a Violence done to its Nature, and a Tyranny, against which it has a right to rebel.

LOCKE.

LOCKE.

The Mind has a *Governor* within itself, which may and ought to limit its *Freedom*. That *Governor* is its Reason.

BAYLE.

Yes:—but Reason, like other Governors, has a Policy more dependent upon uncertain Caprice than any fixed Laws. And if the Reason that governs my Mind or your's has once set up a *favourite Notion*, it not only delights to bend to it itself, but to make others respect it as much.—It also takes a great pleasure to shew its own Power, by demolishing Notions set up by others, and generally respected.

LOCKE.

I believe indeed that a Love for this Power you speak of is a great Motive to the Publication of most of our sceptical Books. And Nero, I suppose, might *take a great pleasure* in burning Rome. It was an Action by which *he shewed his own Power*: but we are reasoning now of *Right*, not of *Power*.

BAYLE.

BAYLE.

A Man may act indiscreetly, but he cannot do wrong, by saying that which he thinks to be true.

LOCKE.

An Enthusiast, who advances Doctrines prejudicial to Society, or opposes those that are useful to it, has the Strength of Opinion and the Heat of a disturbed Imagination to plead, in excuse of his Fault. But your cool Head and clear Judgment have no such excuse. I know very well there are Passages in your Work, and those not a few, in which you talk like a *Moralist*. I have heard too you lived like one, exempt from all Vice. But when, in other parts of your Work, you sap the foundations of all moral Duties, what does it signify that you talk of them well. How few will regard either your general precepts or your example? How many, who have stronger Passions than you had, and are glad to get rid of the Curb that restrains them, will avail themselves of your Scepticism, to set themselves loose from all Obligations of Virtue and Religion? — Unhappy Man to have made such a Use of
such

such Parts ! It would have been better for you and Mankind, if you had been the dullest of Dutchmen, or the most credulous Monk in a Portuguese Convent. The Riches of the Mind may, like those of Fortune, be used so ill, as to become a Nuisance and Pest to Society, instead of an Ornament and a Support.

BAYLE.

You are very severe upon me.—But do you count it no Merit, no Good to Society, to have done so much, as I did, to deliver Mankind from the Frauds and Fetters of Priestcraft, from the Deliriums of Fanaticism, and from the Terrors and Follies of Superstition. What Mischief has false Religion done in the World ! Even in the last Age what Massacres, what Civil Wars, what Convulsions of Government, what Confusion in Society did it produce. Nay, in that which I lived in, tho' much more enlightened, did I not see it occasion a violent Persecution in France, and drive the best Subjects out of that Kingdom ? No Wonder then if I was provoked to strike at the root of these Evils.

LOCKE.

L O C K E.

The root of these Evils was *false Religion*; but you struck at *the true*. Heaven and Hell are not more different, than the System of Faith which I have defended, and that which produced the Horrors you mention. Why would you confound and so blend them together in some of your Writings, that it requires much more attention and judgment than most Readers have, to separate them again, and be able to make the proper Distinctions? This is the great Art which your Example has taught our modern Free-thinkers. They recommend themselves to warm and ingenuous Minds by lively strokes of Reason and Wit, against Priestcraft, Superstition, Fanaticism, Enthusiasm. But at the same time they insidiously throw the colours of these upon the fair face of true Religion, and dress her out in their Garb, with an intention to render her odious to those, who have not Penetration enough to discover the Cheat. Yet it is certain, no Book, that ever was writ by the most acute of these Gentlemen, is so repugnant to Priestcraft, to spiritual Tyranny, to all weak Superstitions of every kind, to all
that

that can tend to disturb or to prejudice Human Society, as *that* which they so much affect to despise.

BAYLE.

If I have been faulty in going too far, yet this let me say in excuse of that Fault: Mankind is so made, that, when they have been *over-heated*, they cannot be brought to a proper temper again, till they have been *over-cooled*. My Scepticism might be necessary to cure the *Fever* and *Phrenzy* of false Religion.

LOCKE.

A wise Prescription indeed, to bring on a *paralytical* State of the Mind, (for such a Scepticism as your's is a *Palsy*, which deprives the mind of all Vigour, and deadens its natural and vital Powers) in order to take off a *Fever*, which *Temperance*, and *the Milk of the Evangelical Doctrines*, would probably cure!

BAYLE.

I acknowledge, those Medicines have a great power. But few Doctors care to apply them unmixed with some harsher
Drugs,

Drugs, or some unsafe and ridiculous *Nostrums* of their own.

LOCKE.

What you say now is too true:—G o d has given us a most excellent Physic for the Soul, in all its Diseases; but bad and interested Physicians, or ignorant and conceited Quacks, administer it so ill to the rest of Mankind, that much of the benefit of it is lost.



DIALOGUE



DIALOGUE XXV.

ARCHIBALD, Earl of DOUGLAS,
Duke of Touraine.

JOHN, Duke of ARGYLE and GREEN-
WICH, Field Marshal of his Britannic
Majesty's Forces.

ARGYLE.

YES, noble Douglas, it grieves me to think, that you, and your Son, with the brave Earl of Buchan, should have employed so much Valour, and lost your Lives, in fighting the battles of that foreign State, which, from its Situation and Interests, is the most dangerous Enemy to Great-Britain. A British Nobleman serving France appears to me as unfortunate, and as much out of his proper Sphere, as a Græcian Commander engaged in the Service of Persia would have appeared to Miltiades or Agesilaus.

See Buchan.
Rerum Sco-
ticarum,
vol. 10. p. 338.
A. D. 1424.

T

DOUGLAS.

D O U G L A S.

In serving France I served Scotland. The French were the *natural Allies* to the Scotch, and by supporting their Crown, I enabled my Countrymen to keep themselves independent on England.

A R G Y L E.

The French were indeed our *ancient Allies*, from the unhappy State of our Country: but that they were our *natural Allies* I deny. Their Alliance was proper and necessary for us, because we were then in an *unnatural* State, *disunited from England*. While that *Disunion* continued, we were compelled to lean upon France for Support and Assistance. The French Power and Policy kept us indeed independent on the English, but dependent on Them; and that Dependence exposes us to suffer many great and grievous Calamities, by drawing on us the Arms of the English, whenever the French and they had a Quarrel. Our Succours were distant and often uncertain. Our Enemy was at hand, superior in Strength, though not so in Valour. Our Country was ravaged, our Kings were slain, or led captive; we lost all the advantage of our being the Inhabitants of

a Great Island; we had no Commerce, no Peace, no Security, no degree of Maritime Power. Scotland was a Back-door, thro' which the French, with our help, made their Inroads into England: if they conquered, we reaped little Benefit from it; but if they were beaten, we were the Victims, on whom the English severely wreaked their Resentment.

DOUGLAS.

The English suffered as much as We in those Wars. How terribly were their Borders laid waste and depopulated by our Incurfions? How often were the Swords of my Ancestors stained with the best English Blood! Were not our Victories at Bannocbourn and at Otterbourn as glorious as any that Nation has ever obtained over us?

ARGYLE.

They were: but they did us no lasting Good. They left us still dependent on France for Aid and Protection: They left us a poor, a weak, a distressed, though a most valiant Nation. They irritated England, but could not subdue it, nor hinder our feeling such effects of its Enmity, as

gave us no cause to rejoice in our Triumphs.—How much more happily was *my Sword* employed in humbling the Foe of Great-Britain and Europe! With how superior a Dignity did I appear in the combined British Senate, maintaining the Interests of the whole united People of England and Scotland, against all foreign Powers, who attempted to disturb our general Happiness, or to invade our common Rights!

DOUGLAS.

Your Eloquence and your Valour had indeed a much nobler and more spacious Field, to exert themselves in, than any of those, whose Courage and Talents were employed in defending the Rights or the Interests of Scotland alone, divided from England.

ARGYLE.

Whenever I read an Account of the Wars between the Scotch and the English, I think I am reading a melancholy History of *Civil Dissentions*. Which-ever Side is defeated, their Loss appears to me a Loss to *the whole*, and an Advantage to some foreign Enemy of Great-Britain,
But

But the Strength of that Island is made by the Union compleat and superior to all other Powers. What a great English Poet has said *in one Instance* is now true *in all* :

“ The *Hotspur* and the *Douglas* both together

See Shakespear's Hen.
IV. Par. 1.

“ Are confident against the World in Arms.”

Who can resist the English and Scotch Valour combined ? When separated and opposed they ballanced each other : united they hold the Ballance of Europe. If all the Scotch Blood that has been shed for the French in Wars against England had been poured out to oppose their Ambition ; if all the English Blood that has been spilt in Wars against Scotland had been preserved, France would have long ago been rendered incapable of disturbing our Peace, and Great-Britain would have been *the First Nation in Europe*.

DOUGLAS.

There is much Truth in all you have said. — But yet, when I reflect on the insidious Ambition of Edward the First, on the ungenerous Arts he employed to

acquire the Sovereignty of our Kingdom, and his horrid Cruelty to the brave Wallace, our Champion and Martyr, my Soul *is up in Arms* against the Insolence of the English, and I adore the Memory of those Patriots, who died in asserting the Independence of our Crown and the Liberty of our Nation.

A R G Y L E.

Had I lived in those days, I should have joined with those Patriots, and been the foremost to maintain so noble a Cause. The Scotch were not made to be subject to England. Their Souls were too great, their Spirit was too high for such a Dependence. But they may *unite* and *incorporate* with a Nation they would not *obey*. Their generous Scorn of a foreign Yoke, their strong Love of Independence and Freedom, made their Union with England more natural and more proper. Had the Spirit of the Scotch been servile or base, it could not have coalited with that of the English.

D O U G L A S.

It is true that the Minds of both Nations are formed in much the same Mold.
They

They are cogenial, and filled with the same noble Virtues, the same Impatience of Servitude, the same Magnanimity, Courage, and Prudence, the same Genius for Policy, Sciences, Arts. Yet, notwithstanding this happy Conformity, when I consider how long they were Enemies to each other; what an Hereditary Hatred and Jealousy had subsisted for Ages between them; what private Passions, what Prejudices, what Interests, must have obstructed every Step of the Treaty; and how hard it was to overcome the strong Opposition of National Pride; I stand astonished that it was possible to unite the two Kingdoms upon any conditions: and more especially that it could be done with such equal Regard and Fairness to Both!

ARGYLE.

It was indeed a most arduous, difficult Work! and the Success of it must I think be ascribed, not only to the great Firmness and Prudence of those who had the Management of it, but to the gracious Assistance of Providence, for the Preservation of *the Reformed Religion* amongst us, which, if the Union had not been made, would have been ruined in Scotland and much

See Hook's
Letters and
Lockhart's
Memoirs.

endangered in England. The same good Providence has watched over and protected it since, in a most signal manner, against the Attempts of an infatuated Party in Scotland, and the Arts of France, who by her Emissaries tried to destroy it, as soon as formed ; because she justly foresaw that it would be destructive to all her Designs. I myself had the Honour to have a principal Share in subduing one Rebellion designed to subvert it : and since my Death, it has been, I hope, established for ever, not only by the Defeat of another Rebellion, which came upon us in the midst of a great War with France, but by a wise and beneficent *System of Laws*, the Object of which is to Reform and to Civilize the Highlands of Scotland ; to deliver the People there from the Arbitrary Power and Oppression of their Chieftains ; to carry the Royal Justice and Royal Protection into the wildest Parts of their Mountains ; to hinder their natural Valour from being abused and perverted, to the detriment of their Country ; and to introduce among them Arts, Agriculture, Commerce, Tranquillity, and all the Improvements of Civil and Social Life.

DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS.

By what you now tell me, you give me the highest Idea of the great King, your Master; who, after being provoked by such a Rebellion, instead of Enslaving the People of the Highlands, or laying the Hand of Power more heavy upon them (which is the usual Consequence of unsuccessful Revolts) has conferred on them the inestimable Blessings of Liberty, Justice, and Peace. To act thus is indeed to *perfect the Union*, and make all the Inhabitants of Great-Britain acknowledge, with Gratitude and with Joy, that they are subjects of *the same Kingdom*, and governed with the same impartial Affection, by *the Sovereign and the Father of the whole Commonwealth!*

ARGYLE.

The *Laws* I have mentioned, and the humane, benevolent Policy of His Majesty's Government, have already produced very happy effects *in that part of the Kingdom*; and, if rightly pursued, will produce many more. But no Words can recount to you the infinite Benefits, that have attended the Union, in the Northern Counties of England and Southern of Scotland.

DOUGLAS.

D O U G L A S.

The Fruits of it must be, doubtless, most sensible there, where the perpetual Enmity between the two Nations had caused the greatest disorder and Desolation.

A R G Y L E.

Oh Douglas — if you could but revive and return again into Scotland, what a delightful Change would you see in that Country! All those great Tracks of Land, which in your time lay untill'd, on account of the Inroads of the bordering English, or the Feuds and Discords that raged within our own Kingdom, you would now behold cultivated, and smiling with Plenty. Instead of the Castles, which every Baron was forced to erect for the Defence of his Family, and where he lived in the *Barbarism of Gothic Pride*, among wretched Vassals oppressed by the Abuse of his Feudal Powers, your Eyes would be charmed with fine Country-Houses, of the most elegant Architecture, adorned with noble Plantations and beautiful Gardens; while happy Villages or gay Towns are rising about them, and enlivening

livening the Prospect with every Image of Rural Wealth !— On our Coasts trading Cities, full of new Manufactures, and every day encreasing their Commerce ! In our Ports and Harbours innumerable Ships, which are guarded by invincible Fleets ! But of all Improvements the greatest is in the *Minds* of the Scotch. *These* have profited even more than their Lands by the Culture, which the settled Peace and Tranquillity, produced by the Union, have happily given to them: and they have discovered such Talents in all Branches of Literature, as might render the English jealous of being excelled by their Genius, if there could remain a *Competition*, when there remains no *Distinction* between the two Nations.

DOUGLAS.

There may be *Emulation*, without any *Jealousy* ; and the Efforts, which that *Emulation* will cause, may render our Island superior in the fame of Wit and good Learning to Italy or to Greece; a Superiority, which I have learnt in the Elysian Fields to prefer even to that acquired by Arms.— But one Doubt remains with me concerning the Union. I understand
that

that no more than sixteen of our Peers, except those who have English Peerages also, (which some of our greatest Nobles have not) now sit in the House of Lords, as Representatives of the rest. Does not This in some measure *Diminish* those Peers who are not elected? And may not the Election of the *Sixteen*, be too much influenced by, and dependent upon, the Will of the Court?

ARGYLE.

It was impossible that the English could ever consent in the Treaty of Union to admit a greater number to sit in the House of Peers: but all the Scotch Peerage is virtually there, by *Representation*. And Those who are not elected have every Dignity and Right of the Peerage, except the Privilege of sitting in the House of Lords, and some others depending thereon.

See the Act
of Union,
Art. 23.

DOUGLAS.

They have so: — but when Parliaments enjoy such a Share in the Government of a Country, as our's do now, to be *personally* there is a Privilege and a Dignity of the highest Importance.

ARGYLE.

ARGYLE.

I wish it had been possible to impart it to all. But your Reason will tell you that it was not.—And consider, My Lord, that, till the Revolution in sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, the Power of *the Lords of the Articles* had rendered our *Parliaments* much more subject to the Controul and Influence of the Crown than our *Elections* are now. — As, by the manner in which they were constituted, *those Lords* were no less devoted to the King than his own Privy Council, and as no Proposition could then be presented in Parliament, if rejected by Them, They gave him a *Negative before Debate*. This indeed was abolished upon the Accession of William the Third, *the first Æra of our Liberty*, with many other oppressive and despotical Powers, which had rendered our Nobles *Slaves to the Crown*, while they were allowed to be *Tyrants over the People*. But if King James, or his Family, had been restored, the Government he had exercised would have been re-established : and nothing but the Union of the two Kingdoms could have prevented that Restoration. We likewise owe to the Union the subsequent

Abolition

See Robert-
son's History
of Scotland,
1. i. p. 69,
to 72.

See Act for rendering the Union of the two Kingdoms more entire and complete, Anno Reginæ Annæ sexto.

See Act for improving the Union of the two Kingdoms, Anno septimo Annæ Reginæ.

See Robertson's History of Scotland, l. 8. and Hume's History of Charles II. c. 7. and James II. c. 1.

Abolition of *the Scotch Privy Council*, which had been the most grievous Engine of Tyranny in former times, and that salutary Law, which declared that no Crimes should be High Treason or Misprision of Treason in Scotland, but such as were so in England ; and gave us the English Methods of Trial in cases of that nature : whereas, before, there were so many Species of Treasons, the Construction of them was so uncertain, and the Trials were so arbitrary, that no Man could be safe from suffering as a Traitor. By the same Act of Parliament we also received a Communication of that noble Privilege of the English, *Exemption from Torture* ; a Privilege, which, though essential to natural Justice, no other Nation in Europe, not even *the freest*, can boast of possessing. Shall we then take Offence at some inevitable circumstances, which may perhaps be objected to in the Union, when it has freed us from Slavery and all the worst Evils a State can endure ? It might be easily shewn, that, in his political and civil Capacity, every Baron in Scotland is much happier now, and much more *independent*, than the highest was under the Reign of King Charles the Second, or of his Brother.

DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS.

All I have heard of those Reigns makes me blush with Indignation at the Servility of our Nobles, who could endure them so long, and so patiently, as they did. What then was become of that undaunted Scotch Spirit, which had dared to resist the *Plantagenets*, in the Height of their Power and Pride? Could the Descendants of Those, who had disdained to be *Subjects* of Edward the First, submit to be *Slaves* of Charles the Second or James?

ARGYLE.

They seemed in general to have lost every Characteristic of their natural Temper, except a Desire to abuse the Royal Authority, for the Gratification of their private Resentments in Family Quarrels.

DOUGLAS.

Your Grandfather, My Lord, has the glory of not falling under this Censure.

ARGYLE.

I am proud that his Spirit and the Principles he professed drew upon him the Injustice and Rage of those times. But
there

See Hume's
History of
Charles II.
c. 7.

See the Act
of Union,
Art. 23.

there needs no other Proof than *the nature and manner of his Condemnation*, to shew the wretched State our Nobility then were in, and what an Advantage it is to them that they now are to be tried *as Peers of Great-Britain*, and have the benefit of those Laws which imparted to Us the Equity and the Freedom of the English Constitution.

Upon the whole, as much as Wealth is preferable to Poverty, Liberty to Oppression, and national Strength to national Weakness, so much has Scotland gained by the Union. England too has secured by it every Blessing which was before enjoyed by her, and has very greatly augmented her Strength. She now has no Limits to guard but the Sea. The Martial Spirit of the Scotch, their hardy Bodies, their acute and vigorous Minds, their Industry, their Activity, are now employed to the benefit of the whole Island. He is now a bad Scotchman who is not a good Englishman, and he is a bad Englishman who is not a good Scotchman. Mutual Intercourse, mutual Interests, mutual Benefits, must be productive of mutual Affection. And when *that* is established, many great Things, which hitherto some
Remains

Remains of Jealousy and Distrust, or local Partialities, may have obstructed, will be done for the Good of the whole united Kingdom. How much may the Revenues of Great-Britain be encreased by the Encrease of Commerce in Scotland! What a mighty Addition to the National Wealth will arise from the Improvement of our most Northern Counties, which are infinitely capable of being improved! The *Briars* and *Thorns* are in a great measure already grubbed up: the *Flowers* and *Fruits* may quickly be planted. And what more pleasing or what more glorious Employment can any Government have, than to attend to the raising of *such a Plantation*?

D O U G L A S.

The Prospect you open to me of Happiness to my Country appears so delightful, that it makes me amends for the Pain, with which I reflect on the times that I lived in, and indeed on our whole History for several Ages.

A R G Y L E.

That History does, in truth, present to the Mind the most direful Objects, Affas-
 U finations,

finations, Rebellions, Anarchy, Tyranny, and Religion itself either cruel or gloomy, and enthusiastic. An Historian, who paints it in its true Colours, must take the pencil of *Guercino* or *Salvator Rosa*. But the most agreeable Imagination can hardly describe a more happy Scene, than the various Blessings we may expect to derive from the Union, if all the Prejudices against it, and all that may tend to keep up an Idea of separate Interests, or local Attachments, can be removed.

D O U G L A S.

If they can be removed ! I think it impossible they can be retained. To resist the Union is indeed to rebel against Nature.— Nature has joined the two Countries, has fenced them both with the Sea, against the Invasion of all other Nations ; but has laid them quite open the one to the other. Accursed be He who tries to divide them.— What GOD has joined let no Man put asunder.

D I A L O G U E

The Three following DIALOGUES are by another Hand.



DIALOGUE XXVI.

CADMUS — HERCULES.

HERCULES.

DO you pretend to sit as high on Olympus as Hercules? Did you kill the Nemean Lion, the Erymanthian Boar, the Lernean Serpent, and Stymphalian Birds? Did you destroy Tyrants and Robbers? You value yourself greatly on subduing one Serpent: I did as much as that while I lay in my Cradle.

CADMUS.

It is not on account of the Serpent I boast myself a greater Benefactor to Greece than you. Actions should be valued by their Utility rather than their Eclat. I taught Greece the art of writing, to which

Laws owe their *precision* and *permanency*. You subdued monsters; I civilized men. It is from untamed passions, not from wild Beasts, that the greatest Evils arise to human Society. By Wisdom, by Art, by the united strength of civil community, men have been enabled to subdue the whole race of Lions, Bears and Serpents, and what is more, to bind in Laws and wholesome regulations the ferocious Violence and dangerous Treachery of the human disposition. Had Lions been destroyed only in single combat, men had had but a bad time of it; and what but Laws could awe the men who killed the Lions? The genuine glory, the proper distinction of the rational Species, arises from the perfection of the mental powers. Courage is apt to be fierce, and Strength is often exerted in acts of Oppression. But Wisdom is the Associate of Justice; It assists her to form equal Laws, to pursue right measures, to correct power, protect weakness, and to unite individuals in a common Interest and general Welfare. Heroes may kill Tyrants; but it is Wisdom and Laws that prevent Tyranny and Oppression. The operations of Policy far surpass the Labours of Hercules, preventing many

many Evils which valour and might cannot even redress. You Heroes consider nothing but glory, and hardly regard whether the conquests which raise your fame are really beneficial to your Country. Unhappy are the people who are governed by Valour not directed by Prudence, and not mitigated by the gentle Arts !

HERCULES.

I do not expect to find an admirer of my strenuous Life in the man who taught his Countrymen *to sit still and read*, and to lose the hours of Youth and Action in idle speculation and the sport of words.

CADMUS.

An ambition to have a place in the registers of fame is the Eurystheus which imposes heroic Labours on Mankind. The Muses incite to action as well as entertain the hours of repose ; and I think you should honour them for presenting to Heroes such a noble recreation, as may prevent their taking up *the distaff*, when they lay down *the Club*.

HERCULES.

Wits as well as Heroes can take up the distaff. What think you of their thin-spun systems of Philosophy, or lascivious Poems, or Milesian Fables? Nay, what is still worse, are there not panegyrics on Tyrants, and Books that blaspheme the Gods, and perplex the natural Sense of right and wrong? I believe if Eurystheus was to set me to work again, he would find me a worse task than any he imposed; he would make me *read through a great Library*; and I would serve it as I did the Hydra, *I would burn as I went on*, that one chimera might not rise from another, to plague mankind. I should have valued myself more on clearing the Library, than on cleansing the Augean Stables.

CADMUS.

It is in those Libraries only that the memory of your Labours exists. The Heroes of Marathon, the Patriots of Thermopylæ owe their immortality to me. All the wise Institutions of Lawgivers, and all the doctrines of Sages, had perished in the Ear, like a dream related, if Letters had not preserved them. Oh Hercules!
It

It is not for the man who preferred Virtue to Pleasure to be an enemy to the Muses. Let Sardanapalus and the filken Sons of Luxury, who have wasted Life in inglorious ease, despise the records of Action, which bear no honourable Testimony to their Lives. But true merit, Heroic virtue, each genuine offspring of immortal Jove, should honour the sacred source of lasting fame.

HERCULES.

Indeed, if writers employed themselves only in recording *the Acts of great men*, much might be said in their favour. But why do they trouble people with their meditations? Can it signify to the world what an idle man has been thinking?

CADMUS.

Yes it may. The most important and extensive advantages mankind enjoy are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their closets. To them Mankind is obliged for the facility and security of Navigation. The invention of the Compass has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled them to construct such wonderful

machines as perform what the united Labour of millions by the severest drudgery could not accomplish. Agriculture too, the most useful of Arts, has received its share of improvement from the same Source. Poetry likewise is of excellent Use, to enable the Memory to retain with more Ease, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, Precepts of Virtue and virtuous Actions. Since we left the world, from the little root of a few Letters Science has spread its Branches over all Nature, and raised its head to the heavens. Some Philosophers have entered so far into the councils of Divine Wisdom as to explain much of the great operations of Nature. The dimensions, distances, and causes of the revolutions of the Planets, the path of Comets, and the Nature of Eclipses, are understood and explained. Can any thing raise the glory of the human species more, than to see a little creature, inhabiting a small spot, amidst innumerable worlds, taking a survey of the universe, comprehending its arrangement, and entering into the scheme of that wonderful connexion and correspondence of things so remote, and which it seems the utmost exertion of Omnipotence to have established? What a

a volume of wisdom, what a noble Theology do these discoveries open to us ! While some superior Geniuses have soared to these sublime subjects, other sagacious and diligent minds have been enquiring into the most minute works of the infinite Artificer : the same care, the same providence is exerted through the whole, and we should learn from it that to true Wisdom utility and fitness appear perfection, and whatever is beneficial is noble.

HERCULES.

I approve of Science as far as it is assistant to Action. I like the improvement of navigation, and the discovery of the greater part of the Globe, because it opens a wider field for the master spirits of the world to bustle in.

CADMUS.

There spoke the Soul of Hercules. But if learned men are to be esteemed for the assistance they give to active minds in their Schemes, they are not less to be valued for their endeavours to give them a right direction, and moderate their too great Ardor. The study of History will teach the warrior and the Legislator by
what

what means Armies have been victorious, and States have become powerful; and in the private citizen they will inculcate the love of liberty and order. The writings of Sages point out a private path of Virtue, and shew that the best empire is self-government, and subduing our passions the noblest of conquests.

H E R C U L E S.

The true spirit of Heroism acts by a sort of inspiration, and wants neither the experience of History, nor the doctrines of Philosophers to direct it. But do not Arts and Sciences render men effeminate, luxurious, and inactive; and can you deny that Wit and Learning are often made subservient to very bad purposes?

C A D M U S.

I will own that there are some natures so happily formed, they hardly want the assistance of a master, and the rules of Art, to give them force or grace in every thing they do. But these heaven-inspired Geniuses are few. As Learning flourishes only where ease, plenty, and mild government subsist; in so rich a soil, and under so soft a climate, the weeds of
Luxury

Luxury will spring up among the flowers of Art ; but the spontaneous weeds would grow more rank if they were allowed the undisturbed possession of the field. Letters keep a frugal temperate nation from growing ferocious, a rich one from becoming entirely sensual and debauched. Every gift of the Gods is sometimes abused ; but Wit and fine Talents by a natural Law gravitate towards Virtue ; Accidents may drive them out of their proper direction ; but such Accidents are a sort of prodigies, and, like other prodigies, it is an alarming omen, and of dire portent to the times. For if Virtue cannot keep to her allegiance those men, who in their hearts confess her divine right, and know the value of her Laws, on whose fidelity and obedience can she depend ? May such Geniuses never descend to flatter vice, encourage folly, or propagate irreligion ; but exert all their powers in the service of Virtue, and celebrate the noble choice of those, who, like you, preferred her to Pleasure.

DIALOGUE



DIALOGUE XXVII.

MERCURY—And a modern fine LADY.

Mrs. M O D I S H.

INDEED, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, absolutely engaged.

M E R C U R Y.

I know you have an amiable affectionate husband, and several fine children; but you need not be told, that neither conjugal Attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a Kingdom's welfare or a Nation's glory, can excuse a person who has received a summons to the realms of Death. If the grim messenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a passenger, (except now and then an hypochondriacal Englishman) once in a century.

century. You must be content to leave your husband and family, and pass the Styx.

Mrs. MODISH.

I did not mean to insist on any engagement *with my husband and children*; I never thought myself engaged to *them*. I had no engagements but such as were common to women of my Rank. Look on my Chimney-piece, and you will see I was engaged to the Play on Mondays, Balls on Tuesdays, the Opera on Saturdays, and to Card-assemblies the rest of the week, for two months to come; and it would be *the rudest thing in the world* not to keep my appointments. If you will stay for me till the Summer-season, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elysian Fields may be less detestable than the *country* in our world. Pray have you a fine *Vauxhall* and *Ranelagh*? I think I should not dislike drinking *the Lethe Waters* when you have a full Season.

MERCURY.

Surely you could not like to drink the waters of Oblivion, who have made Pleasure the business, end, and aim of your Life!

Life! It is good to drown cares, but who would wash away the remembrance of a Life of Gaiety and Pleasure.

Mrs. M O D I S H.

Diversions were indeed the business of my Life, but as to Pleasure I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my amusements was gone off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the Vapours, spoiled the natural cheerfulness of my Temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

M E R C U R Y.

If this way of Life did not give you Pleasure, why did you continue in it? I suppose you did not think it was very *meritorious*?

Mrs. M O D I S H.

I was too much engaged to think at all: so far indeed my manner of Life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my Doctor assured me dissipation was good for my Spirits; my husband insisted that it was not, and you know that one loves to oblige one's

one's friends, comply with one's Doctor, and contradict one's husband; and besides I was ambitious to be thought *du Bon ton*. *

M E R C U R Y.

Bon ton! what is that Madam? Pray define it.

Mrs. M O D I S H.

Oh Sir, excuse me, it is one of the privileges of the *Bon ton* never to define, or be defined. It is the child and the Parent of Jargon. It is — I can never tell you what it is: but I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation it is not Wit; in manners it is not Politeness; in behaviour it is not Address; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain persons, who have not certain virtues, and who have certain Vices, and who inhabit a certain Part of the Town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets an higher rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedence dare not dispute for fear of being thought
not

* *Du Bon ton* is a cant Phrase in the Modern French Language for the fashionable Air of Conversation and Manners.

not to understand the rules of Politeness. Now Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my Life.

M E R C U R Y.

Then Madam, you have wasted your time, faded your Beauty, and destroyed your health, for the laudable purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this something and this nothing called the *Bon ton*.

Mrs. M O D I S H.

What would you have had me do?

M E R C U R Y.

I will follow your mode of instructing. I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you sacrifice your time, your reason, and your Duties to fashion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your husband's happiness, and your childrens Education.

Mrs. M O D I S H.

As to my Daughters Education I spared no expence; They had a dancing-master, music-master, and drawing-master; and a
French

French governesses to teach them behaviour and the French Language.

MERCURY.

So their religion, sentiments and manners were to be learnt from a dancing-master, music-master, and a chambermaid! Perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *Bon ton*. Your daughters must have been so educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have just concluded. Minos is a four old Gentleman, without the least smattering of the *Bon ton*, and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advise you is to do in this world as you did in the other, keep happiness in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this side Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elysian Fields, but never attempt to enter into them, lest Minos should push you into Tartarus: for duties neglected may bring on a Sentence not much less severe than crimes committed.



DIALOGUE XXVIII.

PLUTARCH — CHARON —
And a modern BOOKSELLER.

CHARON.

HERE is a fellow who is very unwilling to land in our Territories. He says he is rich, has a great deal of Business in the other world, and must needs return to it: He is so troublesome and obstreperous I know not what to do with him. Take him under your care therefore, good Plutarch; you will easily awe him into order and decency by the superiority an Author has over a Book-feller.

BOOKSELLER.

Am I got into a world so absolutely the reverse of that I left, that here *Authors* domineer

domineer over *Booksellers*? Dear Charon, let me go back, and I will pay any price for my passage. But, if I must stay, leave me not with any of those who are stiled *Classical Authors*. As to you, Plutarch, I have a particular animosity against you, for having almost occasioned my ruin. When I first set up shop, understanding but little of Business, I unadvisedly bought an Edition of *your Lives*; a Pack of old Greeks and Romans, which cost me a great sum of money. I could never get off above twenty sets of them. I sold a few to the Universities, and some to Eaton and Westminster; for it is reckoned a pretty book for Boys and Under-graduates; but unless a man has the luck to light on a Pedant he shall not sell a set of them in twenty years.

PLUTARCH.

From the merit of the subjects I had hoped another reception for my works. I will own indeed that I am not always perfectly accurate in every Circumstance, nor do I give so exact and circumstantial a detail of the Actions of my Heroes, as may be expected from a Biographer who has confined himself to one or two Characters. A Zeal to preserve the memory of great men,

and to extend the influence of such noble examples, made me undertake more than I could accomplish in the first degree of perfection: but surely the Characters of my illustrious Men are not so imperfectly sketched, that they will not stand forth to all ages as Patterns of Virtue, and Incitements to glory. My reflexions are allowed to be deep and sagacious; and what can be more useful to a reader than a wise man's judgment on a great man's conduct? In my writings you will find no rash censures, no undeserved encomiums, no mean compliance with popular opinions, no vain ostentation of critical skill, nor any affected *finesse*. In my Parallels, which used to be admired as pieces of excellent Judgment, I compare with perfect impartiality one great man with another, and each with the rule of Justice. If indeed later ages have produced greater men and better writers, my Heroes and my works ought to give place to them. As the world has now the assistance of much better rules of morality, than the unassisted reason of poor Pagans could form, I do not wonder, that those vices, which appeared to us as mere blemishes in great Characters, should seem most horrid deformities in the purer Eyes of the present Age. A delicacy I do
not

not blame, but admire and commend. And I must censure you for endeavouring, if you could publish better examples, to obtrude on your Countrymen such as were defective. I rejoice at the preference which they gave to perfect and unallayed Virtue; and as I shall ever retain an high veneration for the illustrious men of every age, I should be glad you would give me some account of those Persons, who in Wisdom, Justice, Valour, Patriotism, have eclipsed my Solon, Numa, Camillus, Scipio, &c.

BOOKSELLER.

Why, Master Plutarch, you are talking *Greek* indeed. That work which repaired the loss I sustained by the costly Edition of your Books, was, *The Lives of the Highwaymen*: but I should never have grown rich, if it had not been by publishing *the Lives of men that never lived*. You must know, that though in all times it was possible to have a great deal of Learning and very little Wisdom, yet it is only by a modern improvement in the art of writing, that a man may read all his Life and have no learning or knowledge at all, which begins to be an advantage of the greatest importance. There is as natural a War between

your men of Science and Fools, as between the Cranes and the Pigmies of old. Most of our young men having deserted to the Fools, the Party of the Learned is near being beaten out of the field; and I hope in a little while they will not dare to peep out of their Forts and Fastnesses at Oxford and Cambridge. There let them stay and study old musty Moralists, till one falls in Love with the Greek, another with the Roman Virtue; but our men of the world should read our New Books, which teach them to have no Virtue at all. No book is fit for a Gentleman's reading which is not void of Facts and of Doctrines, that he may not grow a Pedant in his morals or conversation. I look upon History (I mean *real* History) to be one of the worst kinds of study. Whatever has happened may happen again; and a well-bred man may unwarily mention a parallel instance he had met with in History, and be betrayed into the awkwardness of introducing into his discourse a Greek, Roman, or even Gothic Name. But when a Gentleman has spent his time in reading Adventures that never occurred, Exploits that never were atchieved, and Events that not only never did, but never can happen, it is impossible that in Life or in

Dis-

Discourse he should ever apply them. A *secret history*, in which there is *no Secret* and *no History*, cannot tempt indiscretion to blab or vanity to quote; and by this means modern conversation flows gentle and easy, unincumbered with matter and unburthened of instruction. As the present studies throw no weight or gravity into discourse and manners, the women are not afraid to read our Books, which not only dispose to Gallantry and Coquetry, but give rules for them. Cæsar's Commentaries, and the Account of Xenophon's Expedition, are not more studied by military Commanders, than our Novels are by the Fair; to a different Purpose indeed; for their military maxims teach to conquer, our's to yield; Those inflame the vain and idle Love of glory, These inculcate a noble contempt of reputation. The women have greater obligations to our writers than the men. By the commerce of the world men might learn much of what they get from Books; but the poor women, who in their early Youth are confined and restrained, if it were not for the friendly assistance of Books, would remain long in *an insipid purity of mind*, with a *discouraging reserve of Behaviour*.

PLUTARCH.

As to your men who have quitted the study of Virtue for the study of Vice, useful truth for absurd fancy, and real History for monstrous fiction, I have neither regard nor compassion for them: but I am concerned for the women who are betrayed into these dangerous studies: and I wish for their sakes I had expatiated more on the character of Lucretia and some other heroines.

BOOKSELLER.

I tell you, our Women do not read in order to live or to die like Lucretia. If you would inform us, that a *Billet doux* was found in her Cabinet after her Death, or give an hint as if Tarquin really saw her in the Arms of a Slave, and that she killed herself to prevent a discovery, such *Anecdotes* would sell *very* well. Or if even by tradition, but better still if *by papers in the Portian family*, you could shew some probability that Portia died of *dram-drinking*; you would oblige the world very much; for you must know that next to new-invented Characters, we are fond of new Lights upon ancient Characters; I mean
such

such Lights as shew a reputed honest man to have been a concealed knave; an illustrious hero a pitiful coward, &c. Nay, we are so fond of these kinds of information, as to be pleased sometimes to see a character cleared from a Vice or Crime it has been charged with, provided the person concerned be actually dead. But in this Case the Evidence must be authentic, and amount to a demonstration; in the other a detection is not necessary; a slight suspicion will do, if it concerns a really good and great Character.

P L U T A R C H.

I am the more surpris'd at what you say of the Taste of your contemporaries, as I met with a Frenchman who assured me that less than a century ago he had written a much admired Life of Cyrus under the name of Artamenes, in which he ascribed to him far greater actions than those recorded of him by Xenophon and Herodotus; and that many of the great Heroes of History had been treated in the same manner; that Empires were gained and Battles decided by the valour of a single man, Imagination bestowing what nature has denied, and the system of human affairs rendered impossible.

BOOKSELLER.

BOOKSELLER.

I assure you these Books were very useful to Authors and their Booksellers; and for whose Benefit besides should a man write? These Romances were very fashionable and had a great Sale: They fell in luckily with the humour of the Age.

PLUTARCH.

Monfieur Scuderi tells me they were written in the times of Vigour and Spirit, in the Evening of the gallant days of Chivalry, which though then declining had left in the hearts of Men a warm glow of Courage and Heroism; and they were to be called to Books as to Battle by the sound of the Trumpet: he says too, that, if writers had not accommodated themselves to the Prejudices of the age, and written of bloody battles and desperate encounters, their works would have been esteemed too effeminate an amusement for Gentlemen. Histories of Chivalry, instead of enervating, tend to invigorate the mind, and endeavour to raise humanity above the condition which is naturally prescribed to it; but as strict Justice, patriot motives, prudent counsels, and a dispassionate choice of what upon the whole is fittest

fittest and best, do not direct these heroes of Romance, they cannot serve for instruction and example, like the great Characters of true History. It has ever been my Opinion, that only the clear and steady Light of Truth can guide Men to Virtue, and that the Lesson which is *impracticable* must be *unuseful*. Whoever shall design to regulate his conduct by these Visionary Characters will be in the condition of superstitious People, who chuse rather to act by Intimations they receive in the Dreams of the Night, than by the sober counsels of Morning Meditation. Yet I confess it has been the practice of many nations to incite men to *virtue* by relating the Deeds of *fabulous Heroes*; but surely it is the custom only of your's to incite them to *Vice* by the History of *fabulous Scoundrels*. Men of fine imagination have soared into the regions of fancy to bring back Astrea : you go thither in search of Pandora ; Oh Disgrace to Letters ! Oh Shame to the Muses !

BOOKSELLER.

You express great indignation at our present race of writers ; but believe me the fault lies chiefly on the side of the readers. As Monsieur Scuderi observed to you, Authors must comply with the manners and disposition

disposition of those who are to read them. There must be a certain sympathy between the Book and the Reader to create a good liking. Would you present a modern fine Gentleman, who negligently lolling in an easy Chair, with *the Labours of Hercules* for his recreation? Or make him climb the Alps with Hannibal when he is expiring with the fatigue of last Night's Ball? Our readers must be amused, flattered, soothed; such adventures must be offered to them as they would like to have a share in.

P L U T A R C H.

It should be the first object of writers to correct the vices and follies of the age. I will allow as much compliance with the mode of the times as will make truth and good morals agreeable. Your Love of fictitious Characters might be turned to good Purpose, if those presented to the Public were to be formed on the rules of religion and morality. It must be confessed, that History, being employed only about illustrious Persons, public Events, and celebrated Actions, does not supply us with such instances of Domestic merit as one could wish: Our heroes are great in the Field and the Senate, and act well in great Scenes on the theatre

theatre of the World: but the Idea of a man, who in the silent retired path of Life never deviates into Vice, who considers no spectator but *the omniscient Being*, and solicits no applause but *His* approbation, is the noblest model that can be exhibited to mankind, and would be of the most general use. Examples of domestic Virtue would be more particularly useful to Women than those of great Heroines. The virtues of Women are blasted by the breath of public fame, as flowers that grow on an Eminence are faded by the Sun and Wind which expand them. But true female Praise, like the music of the Spheres, arises from a gentle, a constant, and an equal Progress in the Path marked out for them by their great Creator; and like the heavenly harmony it is not adapted to the gross ear of mortals, but is reserved for the delight of higher beings, by whose wise Laws they were ordained to give a silent light, and shed a mild benignant influence on the world.

BOOKSELLER.

We have had some English and French writers who aimed at what you suggest. In the supposed Character of Clarissa, (said a Clergyman to me a few days before I left the world)

world) one finds the dignity of Heroism tempered by the meekness and humility of Religion, a perfect purity of mind and sanctity of manners. In that of Sir Charles Grandison, a noble Pattern of every private Virtue, with sentiments so exalted as to render him equal to every public Duty.

P L U T A R C H.

Are both these Characters by the same Author ?

B O O K S E L L E R.

Aye, Master Plutarch, and what will surprise you more, this Author has *printed* for me.

P L U T A R C H.

By what you say, *it is pity he should print any works but his own*. Are there no other Authors who write in this manner ?

B O O K S E L L E R.

Yes, we have another writer of these imaginary Histories ; One who has not long since descended to these regions ; his Name is Fielding, and his works, as I have heard the best judges say, have a true spirit of Comedy, and an exact representation of Nature,

Nature, with fine moral touches. He has not indeed given lessons of pure and consummate Virtue, but he has exposed Vice and Meanness with all the powers of ridicule; and we have some other good *Wits* who have exerted their Talents to the Purposes you approve. Monsieur de Marivaux and some other French writers have also proceeded much upon the same Plan, with a spirit and elegance which give their works no mean rank among the *Belles Lettres*. I will own that, when there is wit and elegance enough in a Book to make it sell, *it is not the worse for good morals.*

CHARON.

I think, Plutarch, you have made this Gentleman a little more humble, and now I will carry him the rest of his Journey. But he is too frivolous an Animal to present to wise Minos. I wish Mercury were here; he would damn him for his Dulness. I have a good mind to carry him to the Danaïdes, and leave him to pour water into their Vessels, which, like his late readers, are destined to *eternal emptiness*. Or shall I chain him to the rock, side to side by Prometheus, not for having attempted to steal celestial fire, in order to
animate

animate human forms, but for having endeavoured to extinguish that which Jupiter had imparted? Or shall we constitute him *Friseur* to Tisiphone, and make him curl up her locks with his Satires and Libels?

PLUTARCH.

Minos does not esteem any thing frivolous that affects the morals of mankind; He punishes Authors as guilty of every fault they have countenanced, and every Crime they have encouraged; and denounces heavy Vengeance for the Injuries which Virtue or the Virtuous have suffered in consequence of their writings.

FINIS.



E R R A T A.

PAGE 7. l. 4. *after* Authority *dele* the Comma.

P. 9. l. 1. *instead of* Who could have thought that, when you were learning the trade of a shipwright in the Dockyards of Holland, you would become my Rival in Fame, &c. *read* Who could have thought, when you were learning the trade of a shipwright in the Dockyards of Holland, that you would become my Rival in Fame, &c.

P. 16. l. 4. *instead of* in the modern times, *read* in modern times.

P. 29. l. 13. *instead of* haughty, *read* naughty Boys.

P. 93. l. 13. *after* steadily *dele* Comma.

P. 122. l. 3. *instead of* Gods, *read* God.

P. 169. l. 4. *instead of* Affections, *read* Affection.

P. 211. l. 18. *instead of* Ideas, *read* Idea.

P. 241. l. 6. *instead of* Acts, *read* Arts.

P. 309. l. 12. *after* Camillus, *dele* Scipio.

P. 319. l. 13. *instead of* Elegance, *read* Entertainment.

PAGE 2. l. 4. after Authority, dele the Commas.
 P. 9. l. 1. instead of Who could have thought that
 when you were learning the trade of a shipwright
 in the Dockyards of Holland, you would become
 my Rival in Fame, &c. read Who could have
 thought, when you were learning the trade of a
 shipwright in the Dockyards of Holland, that you
 would become my Rival in Fame, &c.
 P. 16. l. 4. instead of in the modern times, read
 in modern times.
 P. 20. l. 13. instead of hangings, read naughty Boys.
 P. 23. l. 13. after friendly, dele Commas.
 P. 122. l. 3. instead of Gods, read God.
 P. 169. l. 4. instead of Affections, read Affection.
 P. 211. l. 18. instead of Ideas, read Ideas.
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XX

XII 97







Lyttelton, George

The dialogues of the dead

London 1760

P.o.angl. 91

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